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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MARCH, 1826.

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**THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH.**

FEW lives, especially of persons in the higher ranks of society, have been more varied by incident than that of the Margravine of Anspach. As an English peeress, or a German Princess; a widowed wife, or an adopted sister; a traveller, a dramatic writer, a woman of taste and fashion, and above all, as an auto-biographical authoress, she presents claims on our attention various, interesting, and important. It is from her own recently published "Memoirs," "written by herself," that our information will chiefly be derived: and though some obvious objections to such a source of intelligence may, in some cases, be advanced, they do not apply in the present instance; and the work of the Margravine may be received with confidence, as an authentic memorial of her personal adventures, and observations on the history, character, and manners of her contemporaries.

By birth, this lady belongs to the ancient and noble family of Berkeley; whose pedigree extends almost to the Norman Conquest, and which has produced many individuals whose names grace the annals of our country. She was born towards the close of the year 1750, and is the youngest daughter of Augustus, the fourth Earl of Berkeley. Her nativity was attended with some singular circumstances, which she herself thus details:—

"Lady Berkeley was taken in labour in the month of December, although she did not calculate that she should produce a *second boy* till the February following. Her alarm and disappointment may be conceived, when the child appeared, a most miserable object, scarcely breathing, and scarcely alive, at the end of seven months. Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and, without much attention, laid down in the great elbow chair which was placed at her ladyship's bedside, with neither clothes

nor wet-nurse prepared, I was left in despair for awhile to my fate. At that time, certain etiquettes and attentions were observed, which are now neglected and omitted; and the first person who came to Lady Berkeley, a few hours after she was delivered, was her aunt, the Countess of Albermarle. Coming up to the bedside, and, after the usual remarks on such an occasion, perceiving the chair by the bedside, and imagining that which occupied it to be only a piece of flannel, her Ladyship was on the very point of seating herself upon it, when she was prevented, by the screams of the attendant, from putting an end to the existence of the forlorn babe. As Lady Albermarle supposed the infant to be in bed with the Countess, she was surprised at the narrow escape; and her curiosity being more roused from this circumstance, she directed her attention to the object of it, and requested that it should be brought to the window, in order that she might judge of the probability of its existence. Lady Berkeley exclaimed peevishly, "It is a miserable thing, and cannot live." The infant's face being uncovered, the helpless little being opened its eyes, as if to hail the light of day: and as they appeared very bright, Lady Albemarle conceived that a child who possessed that power had a good chance to live. She therefore immediately sent into the neighbouring streets to find out a wet nurse; nor did she retire till she had seen the child enjoy its borrowed nourishment from a healthy woman who was procured. Had not an accident so nearly happened, this circumstance would have been omitted; and from the despair of the mother, the infant most probably would not have survived. This scene took place at the town house of Earl Berkeley, in Spring Gardens."

Notwithstanding this incipient neglect on the part of a fashionable parent, the education of the daughter was conducted in a manner suited to her rank and station; and her abilities and attainments left her instructors no cause to complain. At an early age she became a matron; for she was not eighteen when she was married to the Honourable William Craven, who afterwards succeeded to the Earldom. With this, her first, husband she lived happy for some years, and became the mother of seven children. Domestic disputes, however, at length arose which were carried to such an height as to render a separation necessary, Lord Craven has been accused of having treated her Ladyship with cruelty. The following anecdote from the "Memoirs," will sufficiently shew the nature of his conduct:—"When Lord Craven arrived in

London, after he had seen me and the children, I sent them out of the room, and told him that I had a favour to ask of him, which was, that he would not permit his mistress to call herself Lady Craven. He looked much confused, rose from where he was sitting; and walked about the room some time. He then asked how long it was that I had known he had a mistress? To this I replied, "above a twelvemonth." He then took some more walks across the room; when suddenly stopping, and clasping his hands together, he threw his eyes up to heaven, and exclaimed, "By —, you are the best-tempered creature in the world; for I have never suspected that you knew this!" I then told him that he must remember the spotless young creature he had married, and who had borne him several children; and that there was one thing I must insist on, which was, that if he continued to live with that woman, I would order a bed in the next room to his; for her conduct was such that my health might suffer. He said that she was a very good sort of a woman, and asked, rather peremptorily, who had informed me otherwise. I then told him fairly, that I had obtained an interview with the lady's husband, who had acquainted me exactly with the character of the person with whom he had formed a connection, and that the looseness of her conduct was such, that it was only to be equalled by her extravagance; and that he had concluded all his account of her, by pitying my unfortunate situation."

After such a scene it will not be wondered at that the nuptial union was virtually dissolved; a separation, by mutual consent of the parties, took place in 1781; and her Ladyship, accompanied by one of her sons, took her departure from England.

Previous to this event, Lady Craven had repeatedly displayed her talents for dramatic composition. Her earliest production appears to be a Comedy, entitled "The Sleepwalker," which was printed in 1778, at the private press of the Honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, at Strawberry Hill. The following year she published a burlesque tale, called "Modern Anecdotes of the Family of the Kinkvervankotchdersprachders." In 1781, appeared her comedy, "The Miniature Picture;" in relation to which, the noble authoress complains of some very unfair conduct on the part of Sheridan, who was the manager at Drury Lane.—"Under pretence," says Lady Craven, "of writing an epilogue for my play, in three acts, *The Miniature Picture*, which was first performed at the Town-hall at Newbury, for the benefit of the poor, he borrowed it of me, and brought

it out, against my will, at Drury-lane, where it was acted for three nights ; yet, enraged as I was, by the persuasion of Lord Orford, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Aylesbury, in whose box I sat, I went to its last representation. I was very angry with him for it, and kept up my resentment till he made me laugh one night in a crowd coming out of the Opera House. We were squeezed near one another by chance, and he said, "For God's sake, Lady Craven, don't tell any body I am a thief; for you know very well, if you do, that every body will believe you."

After leaving England, Lady Craven passed the next ten years of her life in various parts of the continent of Europe. She travelled through the territories of Russia and Turkey, and collected the materials of an interesting work published in England, in 1789. It was intitled, "A Journey through the Crimea to Constantinople," 4to.; and the critics of that time spoke of it very favourably. The publication appeared in the form of a series of Letters, addressed to the Margrave of Anspach and Bayreuth, a German Prince, with whom her ladyship had formed a connection, which ultimately ended in a matrimonial union. Among the countries she visited in the course of her wanderings, were France, Poland, and Prussia. In Poland, Lady Craven became acquainted with the Princess Czartoriska, of whom she relates the following anecdote:—"She (the Princess Czartoriska) inquired of me if I had been at Berlin; and when I answered her in the negative, she said she wished me joy: 'For what would *he* have done to *you*,' she said, 'since he so much embarrassed me?'—'And pray,' said I, 'who is *he* who could venture to do any thing to embarrass you?'—'Le Grand Frederic,' was her reply. She then informed me, that his majesty had her invited to dinner by the queen; and every body being assembled before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow at the door, as to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinizing, with eyes so piercing, that she was embarrassed in the highest degree; particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at; and when this was done, he said, 'I had a great desire to see you. I have heard so much of you;' and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine, que c'était presque une persiflage*. 'When he had done,' she added, 'I did not know whether I was to feel humble or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had re-

ceived of me, and whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey. *Quel homme ! ne le voyez jamais, chere miladi ; vous rougissez pour rien ; il vous ferait pleurer.*' I felt, remarks Lady Craven, that I should like to see him : and that as the *adopted sister* of the Margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the great Frederic."

The death of Lord Craven in 1791, released her Ladyship from the fetters she had so long worn, and gave her an opportunity for forming a legitimate union with the Margrave of Anspach. According to her own account, this second marriage was somewhat oddly predicted to her several years before it took place.—"After I had been married Lord to Craven," says she, "and we were living together on terms of the greatest cordiality, I happened to meet with two young ladies, who had determined to go to a celebrated woman who was famous for telling fortunes. Upon our being admitted, after saying a few words to my young friends, she addressed herself to me, by saying, 'I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, but from the very particular marks in your countenance, I am certain you were born for great events. I must be allowed to draw your horoscope.' I smiled and consented: but as she said that she could not complete it directly, I was induced to give her my age, and the day and hour of my birth, that she might write it down and send it to me in the course of a week. I returned home and thought little more about it. In about ten days, I received a letter, which on opening, I found to contain the Sybil's prediction. She stated, that I was to have a family of seven children; that I then was to separate from my husband, who would die before me; that I should go abroad, and that I should marry again with some royal personage, and come into the possession of great riches. I had, at that time, no idea of a separation, nor could I form the thought of a connexion with any other person, much less with one whose rank was so exalted as that of a Margrave."

The union of her Ladyship with this foreign potentate, was the means of her returning to England. For the Margrave, preferring the varied society of this country, to the endless monotony of his own court circle, gave up his own sovereignty, sold his dominions to the king of Prussia, and took up his residence in the vicinity of London.

Of the style and manner of living of the Margrave and Margravine, after their emigration from Germany, the latter thus writes:—

"My taste for music and poetry, and my style of imagination in compositions, chastened by experience, were great sources of delight to me. I wrote the "Princess of Georgia," and the "Twins of Smyrna," for the Margrave's theatre, besides "Nourjahad," and several other pieces; and for these I composed various airs in music. I invented fêtes to amuse the Margrave, which afforded me a charming contrast to accounts, bills, and the change of domestics and chamberlains, and many other things, quite odious to me. We had, at Brandenburg House, thirty servants in livery, with grooms, and a set of sixty horses. Our expences were enormous, although I curtailed them with all possible economy. The necessaries of life had been increased, threefold, within a few years after we were settled."

There was one mortification, to which the Margravine was subjected, on becoming a resident in her native country. She received an intimation, that she could not be allowed to make her appearance at court; and even her own daughters, by her first husband, were led to decline any intercourse with her. In spite of these drawbacks on her happiness, she appears to have spent many pleasant years in the midst of a little social circle, which she enlivened by her wit and talents. The death of the Margrave, which took place at Brandenburg-House, in 1806, again left her mistress of herself, as well as of an ample fortune.

The privation of court favour, as well as the other inconveniences of her situation, seem to have been borne by the Margravine, with a very exemplary degree of patience. Her literary habits and acquirements, have afforded her amusement and occupation. Besides a little piece, translated from the French, intitled, "A Cursory Account of Bourdeaux," which she published in 1815, much of her time, of late years, has been engaged in the composition of her "Memoirs," already mentioned; one object of which, probably, was to vindicate her own character, and explain such parts of her conduct, as have been the subject of animadversion. Without venturing to offer any opinion on topics of so delicate a nature, we shall simply express our admiration of the fortitude with which the Margravine of Anspach has supported herself under her difficulties, and of the talents by which she has adorned her high rank and station.

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## THE WIDOW OF THE LOIRE.

A simple Tale of Fact.

*(Continued from page 73.)*

“Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!  
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those, fair and meek,  
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought—  
Thou seest, what grief must nurture for the sky!  
What death must fashion for eternity!”

THE desolate widow of de Bayard seemed speedily following him to the grave. Rendered totally helpless by the excessive langour, and total want of power, which succeeded to the severe paroxysms of her disorder, her children could only think of means to sustain her failing life; and since the disappointment of all their attempts to minister to her support by their personal industry, they were reduced gradually to sell every article belonging to themselves, till at last they had nothing left but the one suit of clothes each wore. The lodging-mistress, a poor woman, had sufficient sympathy with the wretched young creatures, whose wan countenances declared their famished state, to assist them in the sale of those things; an office, which, for either of them to have done in person, each felt, would be a degradation of spirit they hardly could sustain. But at length, even these means were exhausted, and then absolute want, for their dear parent, seemed, in image to them all, like a gaunt wolf, staring at the window, ready to spring in, and devour her. Longer to conceal their entirely destitute state from her, became impossible! and when the pious mother had blessed the anxiously-attending daughter, after she had taken for her breakfast, the last cup of coffee and biscuit the poor girl thought she could ever be able to procure for her, the filial heart gave way; and throwing herself on her knees before her parent, with clasped hands raised to heaven, as now their only refuge, and amidst a flood of choking tears, she told her all.

The meek sufferer was a Christian, and bore the affliction, with her eye also directed to that sole hope. But she was

a mother: her heart was flesh and blood; and human-nature asserted all its genuine tortures there. She then ordered the relics of her own little wardrobe to be disposed of; her little jewellery had gone, even in her husband's time, while filling the sad destiny of an emigrant's lot; and the small remains of plate that she retained, she had preserved as a fund, meagre as it must be, for any extremity of her children; perhaps, her own death, and funeral. But in the present daily growing necessities, that too was parted with; for the kind woman of the house, who, during one of her cold and wet walks, to more advantageously dispose of a furred mantle belonging to her dying lodger, had taken a fever, by unwittingly going into an infectious quarter of the town, where a violent epidemic raged. Her illness, long and severe, made it necessary for Madame de Bayard to pay her arrears of rent; and gratitude made her rather contemplate her own unshrouded remains thrown into a parish grave, than feel conscious of depriving her so lately ever-active, though humble benefactress, of one comfort in sickness, that was her just due. Her sons, totally abandoned to a life-eating despondency, passed their wretched hours, wandering together on the far-off borders of the river; where they might dig up, unseen, the wild roots of spinach, and other ungardened herbs, left on the common of nature, for the homeless, and fareless; and the two brothers, often mute in their sad meditations, usually brought them, about mid-day to their sister, to dress for herself, and their mother. They often fed alone on the wild berries, they had shared with the birds. But, alas! how cheerfully, how happily, did the little winged creatures of the sky skip from spray to spray, with the gathered seed, or picked berry, in their bill! how did they chirp to their young, as they dropt it into their calow nests! how did they sing, delighted, on the dancing boughs, when the light repast was found and given! Armand, boy as he was, thought all this, as he eyed the happy creatures, comparing his feelings with theirs; for suffering, ages the heart, even faster than the common lapse of years! But the eye of the tender child never turned on his brother, to point the inference there. Theodore's deep, heavy, frequent sighs, too truly told, he need not have his perceptions quickened.

Genevieve's heart was chilled with horror, as she daily looked

on the languid, dragging steps of her brothers, returning into the unfurnished room, with this miserable food for their poor mother, and at the deep death-prints, famine appeared hourly inflicting on their own haggard faces. Armand always entered with a smile, to cheer his sister; but that smile was terrible. So the babe at its mother's breast might have smiled to comfort her, when the sword of the murderer of the innocents was raised, to slay him there.

"Can I stand here, and see them also die?" cried she, one day, to herself; "can I not beg for alms, to buy them food, to save my dearest mother from a death of hunger?" And then she wrung her hands, in almost frantic misery: "I will; I must; and may He who took the repulsed Lazarus to his mercy, bless my purpose!"

That very same hour in which the resolve was made, while Theodore was engaged reading a portion of the Scriptures to his mother, and Armand sat listening with the ready attention of one soon expecting to be in the heavenly home they promised, Genevieve left the apartment, as if to visit their invalid landlady; but in the outer room she put on her little close black bonnet, and folding her cloak of the same hue about her, tinged also with the undescribable touch of poverty, she passed gently into the street. And now behold the daughter of de Bayard; the brave, the beneficent, like him of old, of the same name and blood! she, who might have been the admiration of courts—the beauteous idol of a thousand noble young hearts; behold her, in mean attire, stretching out her small, delicate, almost transparently delicate hand, imploring charity! it was wasted with misery; but looked, emerging from the dark shadow of her cloak, like a prematurely blighted lily; withered, ere it lost its snowy brightness.

She had been denied by all. Just as the sun sunk her wearied spirit would gladly have gone down with it into the ocean's whelming waves. The storm of life, then beating on her, she felt was almost more than she could bear. "God! have thou pity on me!" cried she, looking to that golden lucid heavens. She was turning, sick at heart, to take her pennyless course homeward again, when she stumbled against some one. It was an officer of the garrison, who happened to be crossing that way, just as she turned round; and her slight form being

something shaken in the concussion, he had to support her a moment on his arm, to prevent her falling. When she recovered, and saw this person wore a military garb, the pride of the Chevalier de Bayard's lineage rose in her bosom; and not wishing any soldier should recognise a beggar, in a daughter of his, she started away from the brave man, and timidly thanking him for his aid, drew her cloak round her, and with a bent down head, quickly, but feebly, moved away. The stranger, who, in fact, had seen from the other end of the street, the flippant manner in which a gay party of young ladies had refused, and even derided the supplication of the poor young mendicant; (for the slight grace of her figure, even at some distance, and in that wretched garb, was sufficient to proclaim her youth:) he was hurrying to give her charity, even at the instant his haste had nearly struck her to the ground. As much affected as surprised by the present demeanor of the beggar-girl; the sweetness of her voice, and the elegance of her expressions, faint and few as were her words, united to surprise and affect him the more. For a moment or two, he stood, and looked after the tremblingly agitated Genevieve, whose tottering walk too truly told, that she had not besought the pitiless without necessity.—He then stepped up close to her, and softly, but respectfully, taking the hand that clasped her cloak round her, pressed his purse into it—his whole purse—the slender residue of a young and gay subaltern's purse—and in the next instant was vanished from her sight.

Genevieve was overjoyed, yet felt a pang at the gift.—How, what was she to say to her mother and brothers?—How account for the possession of four pieces of gold and some silver, which, a hasty glance of the contents, informed her, was now her treasure? To confess to the matron delicacy of her parent, that she had *begged!* to acknowledge to the proud honour of her brothers, that she had asked alms; to expect that they would support life with aliment so gained, she knew, was desperation. She even dreaded now to shew them the money she was bringing home; being quite aghast how they might dive into truth, through any excuse she might invent, of a casual employment;—in short, she knew not what to say, for Genevieve was artless as pure, and falsehood as difficult as abhorrent to her.—“Ah!” said she to herself, in her slow progress home,

"I have heard people talk of white lies; of kind intentions; but to me, all seems too black for a Christian's tongue.—O! what shall I do, to speak the truth, and not incense my brother Theodore, till he hate me!—His sister to receive charity from an officer of republican France, would madden him!"

But when Genevieve entered the long dismal passage of the old ruinous messuage, that was the sole refuge of the once illustrious and splendid family of de Bayard, she was met neither by a smiling nor an angry brother; the daughter of her landlady ran to her sobbing. The real proprietor of the wretched dwelling, not having been paid his rent since the poor, hard-working occupier had been taken ill; even for an arrear of sixty francs, had sent in a police officer, to arrest every article under the roof, for payment; and, if that were not sufficient, to turn the inhabitants into the street, to find some shed better suited to their poverty! Genevieve had hardly quitted the street that contained the miserable hovel, called her home, and which now, when her dying parent seemed on the point of being driven from it, to expire on the open causeway—appeared precious to her as a palace; she had scarcely lost sight of its low, shattered, overhanging tenements, when this horrible entre was made into the house, and its inmates driven to despair. The poor invalid woman rushed, wrapped in a sheet alone, from the room the ruffians violated, with all the cruel insolence of ignorance in power. They scoffed at her flight to another chamber, whither, they told her, they should soon follow, to gather up its bed and bedding with the rest.

That chamber was Madame de Bayard's. A few brief words told all to the terrified mother and her sons; and, even while uttering them, the persecuted sufferer fell back, insensible, on her tenant's narrow couch. The boys, alarmed for their mother, who seemed nearly as lifeless as their poor swooned benefactress—for so she had been to them—shrieked aloud for Genevieve. The daughter of the woman answered, that she was sure she saw her glide out, a little while ago; and it must have been to seek relief somewhere.

"Seek relief!" cried Theodore, with a cry of redoubled phrenzy, as he saw the men entering the door of his mother's chamber; "I will seek relief—and bring it too!—Gentlemen," said he, turning to the ruffians, and addressing them with all

the stern, commanding dignity of his birth and blood, and even dilating to an appearance of impressive manhood that boyish form—"Respect this room, and those now in it. Leave it, under the care of that girl; and yourselves watch below.—I will return in half an hour and satisfy you." The men could not legally refuse to wait, on this proposal; and with a muttering surliness, bidding him "dispatch, if he meant those hospital folks to die in their beds!"—the wretches, in the shape of men, turned, and went down the passage again.

"Follow me, Armand!"—said Theodore, to his almost petrified brother; the child looked up, and obeyed; but he trembled sorely, for Theodore's face was as he had never seen it before—it was terrible—and Armand shuddered, while walking out after him, he thought, "perhaps, he means to drown himself, and me: and yet, how would our deaths make our mother richer—or appease those cruel men?"

But suicide was far from the intent of de Bayard's son.

J. P.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### SAGACITY OF RATS.

AT Amsterdam, in a street called the Wood-market, a man resided who kept a number of common fowls. One of his hens, though in the midst of summer, had for several days stopped yielding her usual produce, yet she made her customary cackling. He searched the nest, but could not find even the shell or minutest vestige of an egg, which made him resolve to watch the hen closely. The next day he accordingly placed himself in such a situation as to be able to observe all her motions. She laid an egg, and to the man's great astonishment, she had no sooner removed from her nest than three rats made their appearance, to carry away the precious deposit, which they effected in the following manner. One of them laid himself on his back, whilst the others rolled the egg upon its belly, which he clasped between his legs, and held it firm; when the other two laid hold of his tail, and gently dragged him out of sight. This feat was for several days witnessed by curious observers.

## LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

"I UNDERSTAND, Samuel," said Mrs. Stanley to her husband's bailiff, "that your brother George is to come here next week, as an assistant to the groom and the footman occasionally.—I am glad of it, for he has been well brought up: and I wish you had a little sister, also, whom I could have taken into my service."

"I know a very nice little girl, that would suit you, madam—it is Betsey Davison; whose mother has so many children, and lives in the white cottage near D—, which you drive past so often; she is only ten years old, and yet she does all the sewing for the family, and is, moreover, such a pretty behaved child!"

Mrs. Stanley could rely on Samuel's judgment. He was her foster brother; had lived in her house since the day of her marriage; he was also a young man of singular worth and good feeling, and well merited the confidence with which she honoured him. It was therefore no wonder that she commissioned him to transport the child in question from her poor but well-managed house, to the nursery at the Hall, which he effected at the time when his own brother, at fourteen, entered on the various services so frequently called for in the house of a country gentleman, whose situation in life demands a considerable establishment, although his numerous family forbids it to be a complete one.

George was a tall, awkward lad, with a countenance of singular intelligence, and somewhat melancholy character; he seemed born to be a thinker; and, in consequence of this faculty, never forgot a duty, and rarely committed a blunder, notwithstanding the bustle and novelty of his situation. All who were put in authority over him (and, unfortunately for him, they were many,) reported him "as a good lad, who always thought of his work:" but in this they were mistaken, for he also thought a great deal of the little girl, who was as much a stranger as himself, and had not, like him, a brother to support her claims and console her grievances.

With these feelings, George lost no possible opportunity of quietly and secretly assisting the poor child, whose excessive

timidity and shrinking delicacy of nature, for some time, paralyzed the talents she really possessed, and the energies she was capable of exerting. It was not long, however, before they began to peep forth, like flowers from the snow; and Mrs. Sarah, who reigned paramount in the upper regions, declared, "that there never was such a child seen before; she could make a shirt completely, dress a young child, boil milk or gruel to perfection, read the Bible like a parson, and tell truth upon every occasion in life." It was, indeed, only justice to say, that this child, reared in the very lap of struggling poverty, daily called upon to yield obedience to a brutal father, and to afford assistance and compassion to a meek and meritorious mother, and to exercise the premature thought and solicitude demanded for seven young children, did constantly exhibit virtues, and dispositions, of the highest character and the utmost sweetness. She was, indeed, the violet of the vale, and though born to "blush unseen," she could not remain undistinguished when transplanted to a wider circle.

Betsey was always pretty; but it was not till she had entered her teens that she promised to become beautiful: she sprung up somewhat too suddenly into a tall, graceful, flexible figure, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, which was not often contrasted by the blooming rose; for her colour, except when awakened by exercise or modesty, was rather faint; but her small regular features were always animated by lips of scarlet and eyes of sparkling brilliancy. The matron, under whose immediate care she was placed, and the good lady into whose favour she had now advanced far beyond the usual place accorded to her station, were alike struck by the charms of a person, which had, hitherto, been a secondary consideration with those who loved poor Betsey; and they alike agreed to save her from danger by screening her from observation.

A girl so truly modest and unaffected, whose thoughts never strayed beyond a quarterly visit to her poor mother's cottage, and her alternate attendance at church, could be easily kept out of sight when either hunting squires or recruiting officers were at the Hall; whilst from their dashing servants, or the country louts in the neighbourhood, no danger was apprehended. There was a something in the quaker-like neatness of Betsey's dress, the unaffected and unchangeable decorum of her manners, and the superiority of her mind (for she had picked up from the

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elder children and their governess much valuable information—a something, which could not fail to act as a repellent to them. Besides, George was like a brother to her; he followed her as a shadow; he watched her with the eye of a mother when it beats over a sick child; he rarely spoke to her, seldom approached her nearly—but the eye of the basilisk was his, when another presumed to do it.

Samuel, the elder brother, was the owner of a little estate, which the improvidence of his parents had so reduced as to condemn their younger children to servitude entirely, and the eldest one, to the cares of a parent during his youth, for that aid he could only supply through the same medium. About this time, he was enabled to take a large farm adjoining his own small one, and to marry a good young woman with a pretty portion, to whom he had been long attached. True to his own character, he did not quit a station where he was invaluable, without placing his brother on an improved footing, and telling him "that he had read the secret of his heart with regard to Betsey, and would advise him to open his mind on the subject. "You must wait as long as I have done," said he, "but in the mean time, it is a comfort to love and be loved again; it shortens long days, and makes hard labour easy."

But George could not take this advice—he was a man in humble life and of narrow education; yet there was in his very nature so much of the romantic and the pensive, that, had he been in an earlier age, and under different auspices, he would have been the pink of chivalrous lovers, ready to break a lance with every rival, yet looking for no higher reward than a smile from his mistress. His love had commenced in boyhood, with compassion for a child; and had been nurtured by the benevolence of a nature, intense but not excursive in its sensibilities; but now, blended with warmer feelings, his admiration, jealousy, affection, and timidity, produced a passion that was little short of adoration, although it never breathed a prayer to its object.

As love becomes in base minds (however ennobled by rank, or varnished by education they may be,) a gross and vulgar appetite, whose selfish wishes the elegant voluptuary may conceal, but cannot change; so will love of a higher quality, and growing in a purer soil, communicate a refinement and tenderness, a generosity and gentleness, the most noble and endearing. Our lover was a proof that nature has knights-

errant, as well as poets, of her own making; for never was Queen of the tourney beheld with fonder emotion, or approached with more profound respect, than the pretty nurse-maid by the now handsome bailiff at the Hall.

So remarkable was George for the strict propriety, the unbending reserve of his manners, that, although his love was as thoroughly understood by every person around him, as if it had been proclaimed by his tongue, yet he was considered by his lady, on every occasion, the one proper and safe escort for Betsey, whenever she left the Hall. They were so classed together by their fellow-servants, that he was made the medium of every request to her; yet never did any one presume to offer the customary jokes on such a situation, nor did any person mention the matter to Betsey, save the mistress she honoured, and the mother she idolized. To each of those, Betsey, with blushes, protested, "that George had said nothing of the kind to her;" but she added with a half sigh, "that, to be sure, people might think he was a little particular."

The time now came when one of Mr. Stanley's farms was likely to be at liberty, and he promised George (unasked) to establish him in it. "You will be a great loss to me, George; for you have supplied the place of your excellent brother now for some years; but you wish to marry Betsey, of course; and therefore—"

"You are very good, sir—but Betsey! —will she have me? I don't know that I dare ask her!"

Mr. Stanley smiled at the pale countenance and breathless agitation of his servant, on a subject so common-place as this: he knew not how deep-seated was that principle of action, thus roused into hope, and called to exertion; but, happily, in his comments upon it, that was done for George, which he could never have done for himself; his prospects and his passion were, alike, laid before her who could alone render them a blessing; and Betsey made his very heart ache with happiness, by owning, that "to be sure, she had a kind of friendship for him, ever since she knew him."

This was the time when the lover might have enjoyed the comforts of courtship on his brother's plan, since George's affairs were daily verging towards the happiest conclusion; and his prospects, aided by the death of an uncle of Betsey's, who left her fifty pounds (the savings of his life) in token of his appro-

bation. 'Tis true, the first blush of this legacy did not promise well, for Betsey protested "that it was her mother's right," that mother who was still the first object in her dutiful and generous affection, and George fully agreed with her; but the mother herself secretly, but strenuously, refused it; she was aware that the money, if given into her possession, would answer no other purpose than that of increasing the depravity of her drunken partner; and she rejoiced in seeing that good girl thus portioned, whose earnings had been devoted to her wants—who, uninfluenced by example, and unmoved by vanity, had dressed in her days of womanhood as in those of youth, with the utmost economy and plainness, that she might clothe her mother and her sisters decently.

To visit his mother, and to converse with her on the virtues of her daughter, was now the highest gratification George could enjoy. Alas! they had soon another subject. Betsey had attended the funeral of her uncle, at a distant village; and, unable to meet the gaze of her relations, accompanied by her declared lover, from that extreme modesty we have already mentioned as her strong characteristic, was, for the first time in her life, bereft of the guardianship her situation demanded. It was the depth of winter; she was exposed during many hours to the cold, and afterwards passed the night in a poor house, devoid of all the comforts her chilled and delicate frame required; in consequence of which the severe cold she had taken fell upon her chest; and as there was, unhappily, a predisposition in her constitution for pulmonary affection, she, in a very short time, exhibited alarming symptoms.

This interesting young woman possessed, in an extraordinary degree, a sound understanding, an affectionate heart, and that strength of mind which is founded on principles of religion, implanted early, and nourished carefully; she was fondly attached to the children of the family; who loved her, in return, with all that caressing tenderness, and ardent affection, peculiar to childhood: and, in the fears of their mother, lest their health should suffer "from being too much with Betsey," the poor girl first learnt, with surprise, the dangerous tendency of those complaints considered hitherto as temporary. The shock was severe, and felt, more especially, when George had visited her; but she saw what was her duty, and determined to perform it.

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"My mother has a numerous family, and cannot attend to me; but my good old grandmother will gladly receive me; allow me to remove to her cottage, and then I shall not be killed with kindness, as I am, by these dear children."

Mrs. Stanley, seeing the real goodness of heart and delicacy of mind which dictated this request, fixed on the following day for taking herself the invalid to the grandmother's cottage; which was a neat, comfortable little dwelling: determined to look into it herself, and provide whatever was deficient.

But the hand of love is more swift in its operations than that of charity; the cottage was already supplied with all that kindness could supply, or money lavish on the object of unutterable interest. In every comfort around her, Betsey beheld the cares of George; she was received by the mother she so fondly loved, and the grandmother who doated on her, and both predicted her speedy amendment. She felt that life was sweet; and the restorative effects of a pleasant drive, under the cloudless sky of a bright February morning, persuaded her that she should long enjoy it—"yes! she should soon be well, and then she would thank them all for their kindness."

But the sharp frost returned; the keen gales of March began to blow, and the faint blossoms of hope withered beneath his cruel breath. Never did the sun rise without finding George on his way to the cottage, to enquire how the night had been past—never did it set, without seeing him traverse the same road to behold the fair vision which seemed now so shadowy as if it would soon elude his observations. His daily task was faithfully executed, his every duty punctually performed, because Betsey made daily enquiries, with that wise solicitude that he should preserve his own high character, and be beneficial to his employers, which became one who loved and valued both; but when the labour of the day was accomplished, the severest weather or the most importunate hunger delayed him not—he sped, as for his life, to the place where more than life was enshrined. How often have the throbings of his heart been increased to agony, as he approached the low door, and heard the sounds of that harrassing cough, which rung already a knell in his ear! how did the very smile, with which he was received, wring his bosom with sorrow, and thrill his manly frame with emotion, alike beyond concealment and endurance!

There were indeed times when he returned with a light step and buoyant heart; for he could not believe that glowing cheek and sparkling eye could become tenants of the tomb; that a being so alive to gratitude and tenderness, so capable of innocent mirth and the playful habits of youth, could sink into the nothingness of death. "Oh, no! she would recover when the days were warm and long; when the flowers she so loved were blooming; and the nightingales began to sing; then she would be able to walk out again—and, long before another winter came, she should have a home of her own, with every comfort her heart could wish for."

But the time came when these flatteries ceased—when all power of occupation was gone, when tears that would not be restrained, yet must not be witnessed, drove him from the cottage, round which he would wander the live long night, forming, but not capable of uttering, those appeals to heaven which swelled his breast to suffocation. There were moments when the calm resignation of that sweet sufferer moved him with jealousy towards religion itself; and he trembled at the murmurings of his distracted soul: but, when he again beheld her, every unruly passion became hushed into one deep and settled sense of sorrow, and of profound venerating admiration.

Perhaps the power of contriving the gifts of love, and of lavishly squandering the hoarded wages lately destined to stock his farm, at this time, preserved his senses. Though an economist from principle, he was by nature generous; but had he been a miser, he would now have been profuse; for the world had but for him one object, and that was vanishing fast from his gaze—the days were already numbered in which she could be comforted by his presence, or solaced by his gifts.

The extreme bashfulness of Betsey subsided towards a lover so tender and heart-stricken, as she approached the confines of that world where alone she could hope for an eternal union; and, although blushes tinged her cheek, she addressed him as one held dearer than a brother; yet she no longer hesitated to thank his kindness and confide the few wishes of her heart to his consideration. She gave into his hands the legacy of her uncle, and accepted his promise of being a son to her mother. One Sunday afternoon, when the unhappy young man had so far conquered his feelings as to read the lessons for the day to her, she proposed that, on the following evening,

he should bring the clergyman, and then they would take the sacrament together. "It will be to us a kind of marriage, George," said she, as putting out her thin hand, she offered it to the fond clasp of him who was unable to make any reply beyond signifying an assent to her wishes.

The awful hour of consolation arrived—the cup of salvation was devoutly taken by the young couple, and their aged friend; who thought that, in the low murmured words of George, as he knelt by the sacred elements, he spoke of them as a marriage rite.

Betsey was soothed, and even revived, as it appeared, by the holy and endearing ordinance of which she had partaken: and, contrary to her usual custom, of pressing the departure of George, she allowed him to remain and employed him in preparing her refreshment, which she took from his hand, and ate with avidity. The poor and the anxious are alike superstitious; and it was no wonder that when the grandmother spoke of "miraculous changes," George should listen with that willingness to believe, common to youthful inexperience and ardent affection. Alas! this was but another of those delusive gleams which so frequently cast a radiance on the victim of consumption! the invalid became suddenly restless and uneasy; her colour rose high and as quickly receded; she dismissed her lover for the night, yet recalled him ere he reached the threshold, to breathe out the last, soft sigh of her departing spirit, in bidding him once more farewell!

It is the one consolatory circumstance in this hopeless disease, that the soul generally leaves its worn-out mansion without a struggle. Indeed we can scarcely believe that death has set his seal on the fair clay before us, till the impression has communicated the more appalling characters of mortality. It was, therefore, no wonder that the astonished lover for some time insisted "that she had only fainted," that he flew to every medium for restoratives, and quarrelled with those who spoke of the sad reality: nor can we wonder that, when, at last, the fearful truth rushed on his senses, it overwhelmed his reason; and he fled from the house with the gestures of a maniac.

Samuel was informed, as soon as possible, of the despair which had overwhelmed a brother so peculiarly dear to him; and the worthy man lost no time in hastening to the place where

he hoped to find him, and to restrain his excesses, or mitigate his suffering. In no place could George be found; and sad reports spread widely among the neighbours, though they reached not the ear of his master or brother. It is probable that, for two days, he wandered in a large wood which skirted Mr. Stanley's estate; since it is certain that no house sheltered him, whilst no eye beheld the effects of that bitter anguish which now overwhelmed him.

On the third evening, the maidens of her native village assembled to perform the last duties to poor Betsey. Well do I remember the funeral procession—it was a rural and simple, but beautiful and affecting spectacle. One tall, fair girl, of her own age, walked the first, bearing in her hand a large garland of flowers formed in white paper, crowned with a true lover's knot, inclosing a pair of white gloves, in token of her engagement. The body followed in a coffin of oak, covered with myrtles, violets, and snow-drops, borne upon napkins, carried by eight young girls in white, whose heads were covered by long hoods or veils of muslin. Then came a long train in black, her parents, relations, and little brothers, two young ladies from the Hall, their father, and all the upper servants, together with the good brother and his wife; and these were followed by all the population of the village—there was not a lagging foot nor a dry eye in the place when pretty Betsey Davison, the good, the gentle, the industrious, was thus carried to her narrow dwelling—even the sot, her father, was sober, and wept bitterly.

Yet the chief mourner was not at the funeral.

When all was over, Mr. Landstown, whom I have, hitherto, called by his christian name Samuel, finding his wife was unwell, sent her home with a careful neighbour, and remained to watch what he considered his last chance for recovering George. In the dead of the night, he stole into the church-yard, which was at some distance from human habitation, and he there found the object of his solicitude stretched on the cold grave; pouring, from a broken heart, the groans and agonies it would have been cruelty to interrupt, and which it was almost sacrilege to witness. When he trusted that the transports of grief were somewhat subsided, and that exhausted nature would look for refuge in the bosom of friendship, he stepped forward and besought him to listen to reason, to affection, "to return home

with him, and try to recover that fortitude and serenity his situation demanded."

But George was deaf to intreaty: he insisted on being left alone, in terms that awoke terror in the mind of his brother; and he exclaimed eagerly, "How can I leave you, George; fearing as I do, that you will do something to hurt yourself?"

"How can you think so, Samuel?"—"do you not know that I am the husband of an angel in heaven?"

The afflicted brother doubted not but his brain was affected; nevertheless, in the calm, stern tones, with which these and other words were uttered, he felt some promise of forbearance, which re-assured him: and the situation of his own beloved wife pressing on his spirits, he returned to his own house, after earnestly repeating his invitation to George, who only desired his absence.

From that night he was no more seen in the neighbourhood: but it was believed that he had enlisted in a marching regiment from the nearest market-town, and, in the course of a few months, the report was found correct; for when time and change had so far lessened the pressure of a grief which neither could subdue, as to recal the first affections of early life, the poor fellow addressed letters to his late master and his brother.

The former was that of apology for his closing conduct as a servant, and also to place in his hands poor Betsey's legacy, together with some arrears of wages still due to himself, as a deposit for her mother's use. To his brother, also, he addressed the language of humility and self-accusation, painting his past sufferings in brief but strong expression. It appeared that he wrote on the eve of the battle of Salamanca, where he hoped "to fall and supply the place of a better man;" but, he added, "that, however cheerless his life now was, he should yet not presume to set himself in the way of destruction, save where his duty called him."

This battle was fought and followed by many others in which his comrades fell thickly around him, yet the reckless, the bereaved lover still survived the slaughter of the day; whilst his steady courage and undeviating propriety of conduct, and that taste for solitude and expression of melancholy which gave him an air of superiority to those in his own station, drew the

attention of his officers and led to his advancement. At the immediate risk of his own life he once saved that of a distinguished general: and although he became a prisoner at the time, this service was acknowledged and rewarded when he was liberated; so that his career, for a man so situated, was honourable and useful. So long a time had elapsed since any news had been received from him, that when peace was proclaimed, his brother nearly despaired of ever beholding him again.

Farmer Landstown was now a wealthy and happy man, surrounded by a large family of both sexes; many thought it therefore foolish in him to pine after a younger brother, from whom he had been parted seven long years—it is, however, certain, that he did so; for never did disbanded soldier pass his gates, without a cordial invitation to enter his dwelling, and partake his cheer; and one day, when his eldest boy brought the news of one who was caressing his little sister, and seemed as if “something was the matter with him, poor creature!” he fled in haste to receive him, assured that George was come at last.

Nor was he wrong—there stood George, indeed; and in his feathered cap and martial bearing, looked, in the partial brother’s eyes, better than he had ever known him, notwithstanding the darkness of his skin and the furrow which sorrow, rather than time, or climate, had indented on his countenance. Both were silent, as again and again they shook each other’s hand; but it was observed by the mother, who now joined them, “that, although the new-found soldier-uncle gazed round with pleasure on all her flock, yet the one little girl he had first seen was still held closely by his hand as the favourite.”

“She told me,” said George, “her name was Betsey.”

“Yes! it is Betsey Davison; she was born the very night you left us, and we named her so (though we had lost the hope of pleasing you) that we might never forget that good creature—God grant our child may prove like her!”

George took off his cap with an air of reverence, and, approaching his sister-in-law, kissed her affectionately, and left on her cheek the tear which moistened his own; then silently lifting the child into his arms, he followed them into the house, as if he had now got a tie which would never be broken again.

I will not attempt to visit with him the mother of Betsey, the haunts of his youth, nor the grave of his beloved—'tis enough to say, that although the damsels who visited his sister, thought the handsome serjeant, 'a man still in his prime,' and more than one well-jointed widow and well-looking maiden sighed at his coldness, George held himself as one affianced above; or as a man aged by past sorrow and engaged in providing for his relatives, since every child of Betsey's mother, by turns, has benefitted by his kindness, and the poor woman herself, released by death from her brutal husband, enjoys through him comforts she never knew before. But his chief cares are lavished on the niece, whose name seems music to his soul, and who happily grows up a fair and gentle creature, emulous of pleasing him. He still resides with the brother, whom he assists by labour and counsel, and from whom he receives the solace his heart requires; although renting a farm of his own from the kind master, who still holds him in high esteem.

The stranger who observes his abstracted air, his reluctance to mingle in society, the grey hairs that mingle in his dark clustering locks, and his unfrequent and melancholy smile, always believed him to be older than the jolly brother who was the father of his childhood, the guide of his riper years—such is the effect of love on minds of exquisite sensibility, even in humble life—such the love inspired by that benign and gentle being, whom I have endeavoured, though faintly, to depict. She still exists in recollections obscured by a world, that boasts, even in its highest circles, few so lovely, and none more pure or virtuous.

B.

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#### MEMORY.

WE know not half the beauty of the grove,  
While o'er our heads its dark'ning boughs are twining;  
But oh! how sweet, from distant hills above,  
To see the sun set, on its verdure shining.

Thus many an hour of youthful hopes and fears—  
Charming alike—is past unheeded by,  
Whose light, seen broader through the mist of years,  
Too brightly gleams upon the faded eye.

## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 90.)

I ACCEPTED Bonhommie's offer very readily; being, in fact, not a little pleased to find a cicerone so capable of shewing the *lions* to the best advantage; but at the moment that we were going out he stopped suddenly. "It strikes me," cried he, "that I can do better for you; I have tickets for the Chamber of Deputies, and as a very important question is to be discussed to-day, we will profit by them to give you a sample of our parliamentary eloquence. I assure you, that it is not inferior to yours, though not quite of the same description." I replied, that I was entirely at his command, and away we went to the Chamber of Deputies, whose sittings are held in the Palais Bourbon, at which we will just take a glance, *en passant*, before we enter the French Senate-house.

It was built in 1772 by the Duchess Dowager of Bourbon, and came afterwards into the possession of the Prince de Conde; father of the present Prince. He expended an immense sum upon it; its interior was in the highest degree magnificent, but its exterior appearance did not correspond; as a part of the architecture was in a very bad style. It was one of the first buildings plundered at the breaking out of the Revolution, but it escaped demolition, and a part of it being, afterwards, occupied by the Legislative Body, it remained unsold; and thus, at the restoration, reverted to its original proprietor, from whom that part of the building formerly used by the *Corps Legislatif*, has been purchased by the nation for the use of the Deputies.

The residence of the present Prince consists of a pavillion only one story high; it is extensive, but not magnificent, having more the look of a private gentleman's country-seat, than the residence of a man of high rank. The plan consists of ten principal courts, surrounded with buildings which afford ample accommodation to a numerous household. The interior, once so magnificent, is at present fitted up with great simplicity, and has

nothing in it remarkable but the pictures, a few of which are very valuable, together with some beautiful busts in white marble, and one in coloured wax of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty.

I had always a fondness for every memorial of the mighty dead, and my taste found here ample gratification, in gazing upon the portraits of heroes who did so much honour to French chivalry. One of these, of whose portrait and bust there are a good many duplicates, is the great Conde, ancestor to the present Prince. Bonhommie remarked to me the strong resemblance there is between the portraits: there is, however, more of mind and intellect, in the countenance of the latter, now the last of his race. He lives in a retired manner upon the wreck of his former splendid property, of which he is said to make a very benevolent use. His principal pleasure, both in Paris and at Chantilly, appears to consist in gardening; he is fond of the English style, and has imitated it successfully at the Palais Bourbon, where he has had a garden laid out entirely in that manner under his own direction. As to the original gardens of the palace, they are quite in the French style, artificial and tasteless; with nothing remarkable about them, but the noble terrace by which they are terminated.

After viewing the palace of the Prince, the Baron conducted me to the principal entrance of the Chamber of Deputies; and as I stopped, for a moment, to contemplate its magnificent *façade*, I could not help thinking, that if the eloquence of the orators equalled the splendour of the edifice prepared for its display, it was worthy the fatigue and trouble of a journey to come from London to Paris to hear them. The noble portico, nearly 100 feet in length; its graceful Corinthian columns with their appropriate ornaments; the colossal statues of Justice and Prudence placed in front of the steps; and the figures of Sully, Colbert, l'Hopital, and D'Agnesseau, which decorate the foreground, are all inimitably executed; as is the triumphal arch of the principal entrance, though which we were admitted into the first court. It is of noble proportions, but injured in its effect by the surrounding buildings, which have nothing in unison with it. The second court, called the Court of Honour, is also very large; a portico at its extremity is decorated by eight columns of the Corinthian order, in front of which are statues of Minerva, and Strength.

The Chamber itself is worthy of this superb entrance; it is of a semi-circular form, is lighted from the roof, and disposed like an amphitheatre. The benches for the members rise one above the other; the Royalists range themselves on the right; the centre is occupied by thorough-going ministerialists, and is ludicrously termed, by the French, *Le Ventre*, (the belly) because its members always vote in strict accordance with their interests; keeping their eye steadily fixed upon the loaves and fishes. The little band of Liberals, now reduced to a very small number, station themselves on the extreme left. The Ministers are in front. The President's desk and chair are placed in the middle, and opposite to them is the tribune from which the members address the House. Galleries extend round the circular part of the Chamber for the Council of State, the Peers of France, the public, and the gentlemen connected with the press. These galleries are handsomely ornamented with Ionic columns and pilasters.

"Every thing here," whispered Bonhommie, "is for effect." The observation appeared very just. The marble pavement adorned with allegorical attributes, the beautiful painted ceiling, the statues of the lawgivers and orators of antiquity, all were in unison with the design of the edifice, and the *tout ensemble* produced such an imposing effect, that it was some time before I perceived any thing to find fault with. It has been said, that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step; and I was soon convinced of the truth of this observation, for I was very near bursting out into laughter at the contest between the members, about who should speak first. No sooner was the word given, than three or four started up at the same instant, and skipped forward, totally regardless of their senatorial dignity, with all the agility of monkeys. The winner of the race mounted the tribune out of breath, and without waiting to recover it, began to give, what he called, a clear view of the question at issue, with a rapidity, which, at first, rendered him nearly unintelligible. As the progress of the debate would not interest my readers much, I shall only say I was heartily convinced, long before its conclusion, that senatorial eloquence was yet in its infancy in France. I found in their orators lively imagination, sarcastic wit, and clever sophistry; but the close reasoning, the clear, perspicuous mode of treating a subject, and that perfect knowledge of it in all its various bearings, which characterise the leading speakers of the English

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House of Commons, are not to be looked for. No where, perhaps, are the defects of the French national character so glaring as in their Legislative Assembly; their *fierte*, impatience, and love of display, obtrude themselves most forcibly on the attention of a foreigner, who, if I may be allowed to borrow a culinary simile, is apt to find their speeches, like their cookery, too highly seasoned, or very insipid. The only one who shewed any degree of coolness, was Monsieur de Villele; and, to do him justice, he preserved for some time a most admirable command of temper, and replied with great subtilty and calmness, to a long, and, in some respects, able speech of Benjamin Constant. But an orator of another description succeeded the *Savant*, this was General Foy: who, plunging at once, with all the ardour of his profession, into the subject, and not being very nice in his choice of expressions, attacked the minister with *Coups de marteau*, which soon put his patience to flight: he lost, at the same moment, his temper and the management of his argument; and had the rough soldier been as well versed in parliamentary, as he doubtless was in military tactics, he would have had an easy victory; but his excessive eagerness caused his defeat, for in attempting to prove too much he proved nothing.

The politeness which the French pique themselves, and, in most instances with justice, upon possessing, seems to be in a great measure laid aside by their parliamentary speakers, who certainly attack one another with a degree of rudeness and asperity unknown to the rough sons of Britain. This was particularly remarkable in respect to the President, whose office is the same as our Speaker of the House of Commons, but with this difference, that he has a great deal more to do, for he is perpetually calling them to order, and enforcing the regulations of the Chamber, to which they shew a marvellous unwillingness to attend. The ultra-royalists and the ultra-liberalists, who now and then agree in thwarting the minister, (the sole point in which they ever do agree) accuse the President of reading through ministerial spectacles. I have seen La Bourdonnage and Casimir Perreir, who, as my readers know, are the very antipodes to each other in principle, join most cordially in harassing him on this point. He is sure, however, to get off triumphantly, as the majority always agree in his version of the regulations, and consequently the complainants are forced to submit. He has a good deal of dignity in his tone and

manner, and answers the attacks made upon him in a manly, rational way. The emoluments of his office are considerable, so that by exercising it he has the double opportunity of enriching himself, and of acquiring those virtues in which Frenchmen are commonly most deficient, patience and moderation.

During the Sitting, several petitions were read, the contents of which occasioned much merriment in the Chamber; and to say the truth, they afforded an amusing specimen of the notion which the French entertain of the powers of their Parliament, for they were principally projects for the furtherance of the national glory, or prosperity, which had no fault but that of being absolutely impracticable. One petitioner presented thirty-nine of these sort of schemes, concluding with a declaration that he had a great many more in *petto*, but that he reserved them for another opportunity, as he did not wish to give the Chamber too much to do at once. The President professed his respect for the laudable intentions of the petitioner, and his regret that the Chamber was unable to second them, which obliged him to propose the order of the day.

In contemplating the legislators from the gallery in which I was seated, its immense height gave them the appearance of so many pygmies. This circumstance, and their declaiming from a tribune, is little favourable to the display of oratorical dignity. We can no more reconcile ourselves to the boyish eagerness with which they mount the tribune, than to the violent and undignified style of their declamation; and their defects are perhaps more forcibly impressed upon us, by the recollections of Roman and Grecian eloquence, which the tribune, and the classic emblems by which it is surrounded, call to our minds. The gallery was rather crowded, and I had an opportunity of observing, in the deportment of the audience, that strength of party feeling, now unfortunately too general in France. Though great decorum prevailed, yet it was evident, from the gestures and whispers of the spectators, how deep an interest they took in the speeches of the orators on both sides. The ladies appeared to enter with more warmth into the matter than even the men. "Good," "Very good," "Unanswerable," were uttered in low, but distinct tones, by my fair neighbours of each party, whenever an orator on their side made what they thought a good point; and their pretty

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opponents were not sparing of "Bahs!" "Pishes!" contemptuous shrugs, and angry looks.

Being heartily weary of the debates before they were over, I hinted to Bonhommie, that I was quite at his orders whenever he wished to go; but in his zeal to give me enough of French eloquence, he sat with most provoking pertinacity till the rising of the House at half past five o'clock, when we adjourned to dine at Very's. Bonhommie asked me if I chose a private room; but my object being to see as much of the people as I could, I declined it, and we entered the common dining-room, which we found filled with stylish looking people, apparently from all the different parts of Europe, and evidently with more than a fair proportion of English.

The room is very large; and the mirrors, lustres, and time-pieces, handsome enough for the mansion of noblemen. Instead of being divided into boxes, as is the custom in English coffee-houses, a number of small tables are arranged, at which the guests seat themselves, either in parties or alone, and the waiter hands them a bill of fare luxurious enough to gratify the taste of the greatest epicure. The charges, though high, are very inferior to what you would pay for the same things in London, particularly for the wines, which are of the best quality. I remarked among the company several elegant looking women, and expressed some surprise at it to Bonhommie. "It is customary with us, and a very convenient custom it is, in many respects. Strangers, who make but a short stay, and do not chuse to encumber themselves with servants, may live at what expence they please, for there are *restaurauteurs* at all prices. You may order a dinner from a Louis to thirty sous. Thus those to whom a variety of dishes are indispensable, can enjoy them at a much less expense than they could at home; and those whose slender purses oblige them to consult economy, may do so without their poverty being suspected by the people where they lodge. If a lady leaves home in the morning on business, or pleasure, and is unable to get back by dinner time, she can always make a substantial meal at a *restaurauteur's*, instead of being obliged to content herself, as in England, with a basin of soup, or a tart at a pastry-cooks. It is true, that generally speaking, it is only ladies of a certain age who avail themselves of the privilege of coming alone; but no mother would scruple to bring her daughter, nor a young wife to chaperon an unmarried female friend. This

is one of the advantages which women enjoy here, and, under certain circumstances, it has its value. As to the single part of our male population, they, with very few exceptions, live entirely at coffee-houses and *restaurauteurs*. There are some who do not even breakfast at home. But *allons*, we are close to the *Café des Mille Colonnes*, whose presiding divinity is still worth having a peep at, though it must be owned that she is a little the worse for wear. We will take our coffee there, and finish the evening at an house in this neighbourhood where I have an engagement."

"We sallied forth to the coffee-house, which is reckoned one of the handsomest in Paris. It is elegantly fitted up with mirrors that multiply the columns from which it takes its name. On entering it at night you are dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights, but the most striking object is the *belle lemonadiere*, seated on what may be called her throne; it is a superb chair which was made for the ex-king Joseph Bounaparte, and cost originally four hundred pounds. She really *is*, I must not be so ungallant as to say *was*, very handsome; though now rather *passie*, but her features are of that regular and striking cast that do not speedily shew the ravages of time, and her charms are set off by the judicious style of her dress, which however is far too splendid for her station in life.

As I sipped my coffee, I could not help thinking what our inimitable Addison, who has rallied so agreeably the worship paid to our English bar-maids, would have said, had he seen this coffee-house idol receiving the homage of her slaves; for a number of gentlemen paid their compliments to her in passing, and her various manœuvres amused me not a little. The pretty air of affected reserve with which she spoke to one, the tender air with which she regarded another, the address she shewed in dividing her glances and smiles, and the attention that, in the midst of all, she paid to the service of the bar, made me regard her as a very finished actress in her way. I must observe, however, that she is by no means unique, all the *cafés* and *restaurarts* of any note have each their presiding *demoiselle*, all of whom are tolerably pretty, very well dressed, and perfectly *au fait* at all those little harmless coquettices that are likely to benefit the house by drawing custom to it.

(To be continued.)

## THE RIVALS.

*(Continued from page 96.)*

FULL well had Master Zachary obeyed Philip's commands: Sir Luke's new suit, like that of the patriarch Joseph's, was "of many colours." On his high-crowned black velvet hat nodded three scarlet feathers, whilst the brim was embroidered both within and without, with gold twist and spangles. His voluminous cloak, of crimson stuff, was rendered yet more conspicuous by a profusion of gold lace; his lilac satin doublet, was adorned to correspond, and his galey-gascoignes, (or, to modernize the word, gally-gaskins, were made in that enormous fashion which treacherous Master Zachary well knew to be obsolete even amongst the vulgar. Every article was in character; the tips of the cuffs aspired to the elbow—the collar fell below the shoulders—the doublet drooped to the knees—the cloak trailed upon the ground—and the top of each boot resembled an open warming-pan!

So graced, so gilded, or to use a more convenient metaphor, so tin-foiled, not ten housewives' pewter shone brighter than Sir Luke; and he, being naturally vain and credulous, began really to believe, on the faith of Barnaby the huntsman, Peter the butler, and Deborah the housekeeper, that he was the very pink and pattern of a gallant gentleman; one whom the lady Beatrice might be proud to see at her feet. His reception at Stately Pleasance tended to confirm him in his opinion of his own importance. The master of the mansion testified becoming anxiety for the honour of his alliance; the lady Beatrice appeared delighted with his attentions, and required them on all occasions, whilst Sir Julian was played off as a scorned and presumptuous suitor; and so cleverly was the plot contrived and carried on, that, before he was aware, the old knight found himself cajoled out of all his accustomed comforts, and installed into the office of an accepted lover. It was worse than field service to a militia man; comfort and honour, vanity and self-indulgence, were pitted one against the other, and the suitor and the old bachelor had many a conflict. The lady Beatrice would never trust herself on horseback without Sir Luke's escort, and she found it conducive to health to ride several

hours each day, and at a speed that sorely annoyed the worthy knight's bones. When dismounted, the lady Beatrice was passionately fond of walking, and no arm was welcome but that which would have been most willingly withheld. The lady Beatrice grew troubled with fainting fits at the smell of tobacco, and, to prove his affection, Sir Luke gave up his pipe; added to this, she suddenly lost her appetite, and could no longer endure that other persons should eat a hearty meal, and the knight, out of complaisance, was constrained to feed like a sparrow. Yet so well did the wily maiden flatter his self-love, whilst inflicting upon him every species of personal torture, that he really believed that all things were what they appeared.

Towards the end of a week thus spent, Beatrice perceived by certain infallible signs, that matters were in such a state that she might venture upon the *coup de grace*. She accordingly selected a particularly sultry afternoon, and, immediately after dinner, proposed a saunter through the grounds. Her brother and Sir Julian, previously instructed in their parts, were ordered to follow, and she set forth with Sir Luke, determined upon being more flatteringly tiresome than ever. It is for the reader to judge of her success.

"By my troth, madam," said the knight, as he puffed along, no bad representation of Patience in purgatory,—"and by your ladyship's leave, I will doff this red blanket of mine, before the sun coin its gold lace into marks,—marry, I shall drop."

"What, throw off my favourite colour!" said his fair companion, in a reproachful tone, "and a garment so becoming!—La now, Sir Luke, the malapert Julian is jealous of that cloak, and thinks it obtains for you the favour he craves in vain,—by my word, but Walter shall have its fellow."

Flattered, but not consoled, the poor gentleman refastened the ponderous garment, and trudged on beside his beautiful tormentor, in a state bordering upon dissolution. "Now a plague on those idle boys!" said the lady, when they had wandered a considerable distance from the house; "kind, kind Sir Luke, it shames me, indeed it does, to ask it,—but I pray you just step back and rouse them; say I wait on the south terrace, and bid Mungo bring his guitar and join us there."

The distressed knight groaned inwardly, and could scarcely suppress the rising wish, that cloak, lady, Walter, Julian,

Mungo, and guitar, were quietly laid together in the Red Sea. Visions of departed comfort, pipes that he had smoked, dinners that he had eaten, and sleeps that he had slept, crowded on his mind; and, oppressed with the weight of his cloak, and the weight of his thoughts, the poor cavalier was ready to weep.

He fulfilled, however, his mission, and with the young men and sable musician returned to the terrace, in the vain hope of being allowed a short respite from exertion; for, according to the old song, his happiness did not consist

In motion, but in rest.

But Philip's guardian genius, the lady Beatrice, quickly perceiving the weary and woe-begone aspect of her knight, determined to put forth all her wiles and wickedness, in order to complete the good work she had undertaken. She gave Sir Julian his lesson; and immediately that cavalier, with humble air, and downcast eyes, as though unworthy of the honour he sought, approached, and prayed her to grant him her hand for some short space, and tread with him a single measure, either a stately galliard, or the more lively lavolta.

"It were fitting, in sooth," replied Beatrice, with well-affected scorn, "to bestow such mark of favour on a gallant that loiters over the dinner board, when bidden elsewhere by the lady of his suit—Stand back, Sir Laggard! To him who is ever prompt in active service and knightly devoir, is that compliment rightly due. I pray you," said the lovely malicious, presenting her fair hand to Sir Luke, and accompanying the action with her most attractive smile—"I pray you, accept the meed you have earned,—Mungo, thy briskest air."

It was in vain that the hapless Lord of Malmsey Manor declined the proffered grace, assuring the lady, with rueful contortions of face, of his willingness to pleasure her in any thing not impossible; of his utter ignorance of the graceful art of dancing, in which he doubted not Sir Julian was well skilled; his assertions were gainsaid; he was compelled to yield to his tyrant, and the lavolta, a whirling, twisting, tee-totum kind of dance, bearing some resemblance to the modern waltz, was performed by the ill-assorted partners, so as to present a lively image of the tavern sign—an Angel in conjunction with a Woolpack.

Hot, faint, breathless, ready to drop with fatigue, Sir Luke heeded not the praises lavished on his performance by the

bystanders. As soon as the purgatorial exertion was concluded, he hastened to occupy a seat which was formed in an angle of the terrace wall; but his lady's eye was on him, and precisely as he was on the point of anchoring in the desired haven, just as there remained but a step, a single step, between his aching bones and rest, the merciless Beatrice dropped her fan at his feet! Sir Julian, who saw the manœuvre, drew back to laugh at leisure; Walter peeped over his shoulder with well-affected gravity, while the lady herself raised her pretty hand, and chid herself for carelessness, and taunted the younger knights with their lack of courtesey, and vowed that her good Sir Luke would spoil her by excess of attention. Slowly, and with labour dire, he prepared for a last effort of expiring complaisance. Leaning grievously upon his walking staff with one hand, he lowered himself till the other reached the ground; and then picking up the implement of mischief, restored it to the author of his pain.

"Thou hast won Philip's pardon, girl," whispered Walter. "That last blow of thine drove the nail up to the head!"

He spake truly. We have heard of the temple that was fabled to be constructed with such nicety that a wren, accidentally perching on one of its pinnacles, destroyed the balance, and overthrew the fabric. Such effect did the incident of the fan produce upon Sir Luke's gallantry. It was the drop added to a brimming cup—the touch given to a falling column,—and when night arrived, and he retired to bed, (at Stately Pleasance his only place of rest), thus soliloquised "the much-enduring man."

"And I, Luke Malmsey, of Malmsey Manor, to play the fool!—I that had been my own master for fifty years and upwards—to ride, run, starve, and dance, God wot! like an ape in a string!—a stone weight have I lost in the last week—a stone!—may I never fill pipe again, an' I have lost two.—Oh! Luke, Luke, that thy old bones were but in thine own arm-chair, in thine own Manor. Marry! whip me to death like a blinded bear first! A wife! as many nephews as would require a ship's rigging for halters, rather. Ah, poor Philip! frolicksome as I was myself, but no worse than other youths,—no worse say I? not half so bad; poor, dear boy, grieving, I'll warrant, after my favour; laying plans to gain forgiveness; my owa brother's son, too—as worthy Mr. Cassocksleeve says, a

living family picture;—no, no, Madame Beatrice, I'm not to be cozened out of Malmsey Manor by your bright eyes, and cunning smiles. I'll sit still when I like, and eat as much dinner as I like—and I'll be my own master—ay, and I'll have peace and quietness, and therefore I'll go home:—think upon that now!"

Sleep, instead of weakening, confirmed the knight's wise resolution. Business of importance (that lie of centuries), called him home the next morning, and though the lady Beatrice complained much of his sudden departure, and testified becoming chagrin on the occasion, neither she, nor her brother, threatened him with an action for breach of promise of marriage.

Our readers will surely save us the trouble of winding up our history. They will imagine for themselves, that master Philip had soon occasion to thank the lady Beatrice for her successful efforts in his favour; that he made as many promises of future good behaviour as satisfied his uncle; and kept as many of them as satisfied himself; that worthy Mr. Cassocksleeve was speedily required to perform, for Sir Julian and Beatrice, the clerical service which he had once anticipated he should perform for that lady and his patron. If a great lover of poetical justice, the reader may imagine yet further, that though Sir Luke Malmsey was afterwards a frequent guest at Stately Pleasance, he was never again required to dance the lavolta, or refrain from smoking; or walk after dinner, or in short, do any thing contrary to his own inclinations.

M. J. J.

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If every man's internal care  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share,  
Who raise our envy now!

The fatal secret, when revealed,  
Of every aching breast,  
Would prove, that only while concealed  
Their lot appeared the best.

*From Metastasio.*

## THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

*(Continued from page 81.)*

AN answer so widely different from what he had expected, stung the proud heart of Courtenay to the quick; and in the bitterness of his disappointment, he resolved to erase from his mind, in the vortex of fashion, every recollection of Esther Dennison, whom he now thought unworthy of a moment's regard. But the clamours of his creditors, who had been stilled for a time by the report of his intended marriage with an heiress, now became more violent than ever, since in the first moment of his disappointment, he had plunged still more deeply into debt. To the repeated lectures of his father, he was obliged to promise that, in a few months, he would either marry or reform; and again he commenced fortune-hunter with redoubled eagerness. Lady Charlotte Wrexham was a widow in the wane of life; her fortune was splendid, and entirely at her own disposal, but her temper was violent and uncontrollable, she had once been beautiful, and she still flattered herself that her glass deceived her, and that she was only in the zenith of her charms; she therefore exacted the most ridiculous attentions, and gave herself all the airs of a young coquette. To what despicable follies will not extravagance lead us! Courtenay possessed the finest abilities, and a most cultivated mind, with a sensibility, and a quickness of feeling, which, if well directed, might have proved the happiness of his life; but he had unfortunately been thrown upon the world before his principles were fixed, with no standard of action but what arose from his own impetuous thoughts; and he had chosen for his companions, as might naturally be expected, those who were the most spirited and amusing, but who were also gay and dissipated; and whilst they assisted him to squander away his property, failed not to initiate him in vice and folly; the result was; that he must either retire from the world in honest competence, or sacrifice his honour and his principles. The former, his pride would not allow him to do; he therefore degraded himself to become the humble suitor of a woman, whose age might have entitled her to be his mother. Lady Charlotte was proud of her captive, and would scarcely

ever appear in public without him; whilst the proud Courtenay was obliged to submit to her tyrannical caprices, for he dared not run the risk of offending her. Lord and Lady Vincent were at first greatly surprised at their son's choice; but wealth opens every heart with its golden hinges, and they soon openly evinced their approbation; and courted the alliance with all the interest they could command. For many months Courtenay wavered ere he could prevail upon himself to connect his fate with a woman he detested; but ambition conquered every scruple, and in due time the marriage of Lord Vincent's son with Lady Charlotte Wrexham, was announced in all the London papers with becoming éclat, whilst the happy pair immediately set off to spend the honey-moon in Paris.

Two years elapsed before Courtenay returned from the Continent, with his bride, and then he was so altered that scarcely even his friends could recognize him; his mind and health were alike racked and impaired with concealed misery, the more acute, because it was the consequence of his own imprudence, and because he had no friend to whom he could confide his bitter disappointments. He had been early disgusted with the uncurbed hauteur of his lady, and in flying from her and his own reflections, he had given himself up to every kind of dissipation with phrensiad eagerness, which shewed a heart ill at ease; the consequences of his excesses were but too apparent in his shattered frame; and, as a last resource, his physicians recommended Cheltenham. Thither he was accompanied by that self-constituted torment of his life, Lady Charlotte, whose occasional fits of love and jealousy harrassed him beyond description.

At Cheltenham, bowed down as he was by premature age, few traces remained of the animation which had once distinguished Mr. Courtenay's countenance; a fearful sallowness had usurped the clear brown of health, and his sunken eyes no longer sparkled with careless glee; yet amidst all this desolation, there was a dignity and elegance of demeanour which could not be mistaken. As he was one morning returning alone from the Wells, he perceived himself the object of attention to a party of gentlemen parading — street; he was considerably vexed at this circumstance, as from the irritable state of his feelings, he could not bear to be gazed at, being too sensible of the change wrought in his appearance; he therefore turned down a less frequented street, which

led to his hotel, in order to avoid hearing any remarks, when he was startled by the sound of quick footsteps behind him, and presently a rough grasp was laid on his shoulder, and a strong voice exclaimed, "Verily, mine eyes cannot have deceived me, for of a surety thy name is William Courtenay." Mr. Courtenay turning suddenly round, beheld the austere countenance of Jonathan Palmer. So many recollections instantly darted into his mind, that it was with difficulty he could reply to his own identity, while he trembled with almost infantile weakness. "Alas! alas!" exclaimed Jonathan, earnestly regarding him; "what a woeful change is here! not many months, and thou wast strong in the possession of health and spirits, and now thou art bent with infirmities, and thy strength is turned into weakness;—even so—the Lord's will be done! but I grieve for thee, poor youth, with all my heart."—"You are very kind, but how is Esther, how is Miss Dennison?"—"Esther Dennison is well," replied Jonathan, "and, at present, abideth with Sarah and myself, in this place; she is a great comfort to us, for Sarah hath been indisposed for some weeks, and Esther tendeth her most kindly; but I would fain be of some service to thee—Are thy parents with thee?" Courtenay replied in the negative, but he dared not trust himself to say that his wife was with him. "Poor youth!" resumed Jonathan, "I pity thee, since thou canst not, in the absence of thy natural protectors, be so well attended to as thy situation requireth. Sarah and myself have taken a comfortable house, and intend to abide here for a season: we have plenty of room to spare for a friend—what sayest thou, William Courtenay, wilt thou be our guest till such times as thy health is amended? I promise thee thou shalt not need better nursing than Sarah and Esther can provide thee with."—"You are too good, Mr. Palmer, much too good," said the poor invalid, "you cannot have forgotten how irreverently I treated you some time ago." "Nay," resumed the worthy man, as his eyes glistened with emotion, "thou shouldst not remind me of what hath long since been buried in oblivion—only tell me thou wilt not refuse my invitation, and I will go forward and speedily prepare every thing for thy proper reception."—"I must indeed plead an excuse to your kind proposal, as I am accompanied by a relation, whose office it is, to attend upon me: yet believe me, dear sir, I am not the less grateful for this unex-

pected kindness, which I grieve to say, is more than I have deserved at your hands"—"Verily, friend," replied Jonathan, "thou wilt incline me to the belief that thou hast judged most harshly of me, by thy many apologies, which are altogether needless, inasmuch as vain words, and complimentary phrases, are contrary to the custom of our sect, which delighteth in plain speaking.—Now, to convince thee of this, I will, without any premising, enter upon another subject, though probably thou mayest deem me impertinent in so doing. Some time since, whilst I was travelling in Scotland with Sarah and Esther, I chanced to hear that thy affairs were considerably involved, and that thou wert obliged to leave thy country in consequence. Now, if this be the case, and I shrewdly suspect thy disorder partaketh as well of thy mind as body, I should be grieved for thee to suffer a matter of that kind to harrass thee; I have at this present time, certain sums in my possession, which have been returned to me for lack of interest, and if thou chooseth to give me thy bond for them, conjointly with any other respectable person, thou shalt have them at the lowest rate of interest, and for any length of time that is convenient to thyself, since thou mayest be assured I have enough of this world's goods, to prevent me being an importunate creditor. Thou must not refuse me this, as thou wilt not be bounden to my hospitality." The sensible heart of Courtenay was affected beyond measure, at this generous avowal of the worthy Quaker's sentiments; the tears stood in his eyes, but he could only wring his hand, as he exclaimed, "From my heart, I thank you; but some recent events, of which I am surprised you are ignorant, have raised me beyond the reach of the disasters you allude to, and I have happily no need of your kind interference." He could say no more, but rushing past him, soon found himself at his own hotel. Courtenay confined himself to the house for many days, so apprehensive was he of encountering Esther; one moment he wished to see her, but the next he thought of his emaciated form, and his vanity made him shrink from the idea of presenting himself to her sight, such a contrast to what she had once known him. This strict seclusion, however, did not agree with his health, he became more nervous and irritable than before, and at length his physician recommended, and Lady Charlotte insisted, that he should have a change of society. For this purpose, her

ladyship accompanied him to the promenade rooms. A great variety of persons, as is usual upon such occasions, were present, and Courtenay more than once started at the sight of a little snug bonnet; at last he sat down, to conceal himself as much as possible from observation. He had been some time watching, in spite of himself, with a melancholy eagerness, every fresh party which came into the room, when turning his eyes in an opposite direction, he perceived the languishing blue eyes of Esther Dennison fixed upon him. A deep blush overspread her cheek when she found herself observed, but suddenly conquering her emotion, she advanced towards him, and frankly extended her hand, kindly enquiring whether he were better. "Jonathan Palmer told me, as thou wouldest suppose, that he met with thee on the first morning of the week, and it grieved us much to hear of thy ill health. Sarah and I have ever since frequented the most public places, in hopes that we should meet with thee, and we have much marvelled that thou wert to be seen in none—probably thou hast been more indisposed since then?" Courtenay stammered out an excuse for being detained at home, and endeavoured to assume his usual gay manner of conversing; but Esther prevented him, kindly saying, "Nay, friend William, thou shalt not exert thyself on my account; I had rather behold thee sedate, as best becometh thy condition; for of a surety thou art grievously altered; yet, why," she continued, observing the quick changes her remark had made in his countenance, "why should we trouble ourselves about the outward looks? verily, I spoke as one of the foolish of this world, who regard the appearance only, forgetting that our youth fadeth away like a flower; and that it is the soul which outliveth all seasons, that ought to be our chief concern;—but see, there is one observing us, whom I imagine to be the same, as even now thou enteredst the room with, and whom Sarah and I supposed to be thy mother." Courtenay's eyes followed the direction of hers, and he saw Lady Charlotte was watching them with keen jealousy. He coloured deeply, "My mother," he said, in a tremulous voice, "oh! no, not my mother—that lady is my wife." "Thy wife!" repeated Esther in evident astonishment, "surely thou mistakest me—but no," she continued, as she saw the pallid hue which overspread his cheeks, "I perceive that it is I, who have been mistaken.—Oh! Courtenay! this then is thy wife,

thy bosom companion, whom thou hast chosen for the partner of thy life—the soother of thy griefs—I see how it is—thou hast sacrificed thy peace for riches, and thou hast already found them unprofitable in the day of tribulation—Verily, they who warned me of thy mercenary views, spoke but too truly, though, at the time, I scorned their counsel, and would not believe thee guilty of such baseness—but now I do believe it all, and I grieve for thee”—and the gentle Esther turned almost contemptuously away from the deeply humbled Courtenay, whose eyes fell beneath the calm, cold gaze of hers; a quick and half-stifled sigh, burst from his harrowed heart, and was the only answer he could make; Esther did not hear this appeal to her feelings unmoved; instantaneously she stood by his side, and in a softened voice, exclaimed, “I was well nigh going to be very cruel and unjust to thee, friend William; for I was about to quit thee in anger, when it would better become me to heal thy wounded spirit; for well I know, there is no greater infirmity than a heart ill at ease—Thou hast tried the fountain of pleasure, and it may be, hast drank of it to the very dregs;—the greater therefore is thy disappointment at the unprofitableness of all worldly good: thou art baffled in thy hopes of domestic felicity; but as it was through thine own means, thou canst not complain;—yet, be not dispirited, my friend, there are other sources left open for thee, in which thou mayst exercise thy genius and obtain renown; and there is, besides, the only true path, which I trust thou hast already found—fare thee well, William”—and softly returning the warm pressure of his hand, whilst her eyes glistened with emotion, she quickly disappeared from his view, never to see him more. After languishing some time, the victim of disease, Mr. Courtenay recovered, in some measure, a tolerable degree of health; but Lady Charlotte lived to a good old age to torment him, and their domestic life was embittered with most unquiet dissensions. To atone for this unhappiness, he devoted himself to public affairs, became a leading member in the administration, and in the applause of his contemporaries found food for that insatiable vanity which had ever attended him through life. Esther Dennison lived single some years, dispensing her large fortune with a liberal hand to the necessitous; she afterwards married one of her own persuasion, and was as happy as virtue and innocence deserve to be.

CONSTANCE.

## SCENES IN THE EAST.

*(Continued from page 84.)*

## MOUNTAIN-CAVE.

BEZOORK looked full at the moon, which shone down upon us through a large natural deep fissure in the roof of our cave; which, however, might have very well supplied the place of a chimney, had such a convenience been necessary to the comfort of our night's lodging; but, as it was, it gave us that most splendid of all lamps—the bright cresset of Cynthia!—and from it, my promised entertainer appeared to be drawing information for his tale. “What?” asked I, “is it of the man in the moon, you are to tell me; that you gaze so after his horns? or is it of the fair huntress herself, who bestowed them on a too bold lover?”

“Why, Saib!” returned the sage, bowing at my back, till I found the bristle of his huge beard brush the side of my ear, not exactly the manner in which I wished it to be addressed! “you are a magician; a poet, great as Feroudsi, who knoweth all things before he hears of them! my tale is of a man, bright as the moon; and of hunters and huntresses; and of horns; so famous, that their report is blown even from the east to the west, and from the north to the south.”—Then, prithee, let me hear what they say! if you can condense such a mighty sound, without deafening me, within the humble circumference of this snug little cavern. But, remember, one of these fair ladies of the moon, is to rival Cadejah in my breast; and thou must bring me, too, in sight of her; else, if the humour suit me, and opportunity occur, a mad Englishman's mad passion, may create a most rare story for thy minstrelsy. So, on!”

Another brush of his beard across my cheek; and a curling whif from my kalioun, returning him the compliment, he solemnly commenced—

“ You must know, Saib, that, in days of yore, there was a great king, and a great queen in this country; and, as the great poet Feroudsi, says, ‘many have I heard of, but few have I seen!’”—“Indeed!” quoth I, interrupting him, “the old bel-dames of my own country, say much the same thing, in the

van of our Mother Bunch and her legends! but if your's is to be altogether a *great* story, as it seems in preface—I will hear no more: you pledged me a lovely woman, and loveliness shrinks from that unwieldy word." The honest Persian besought my patience.—"I have no patience; I never had any with a tedious tale."—"Nay," returned he, with a good-humoured laugh, "is not patience a virtue? and what is virtue must be comely to a man, even to a great Saib, like you!"—"Great again!" cried I, shaking my pipe at him; "did I not warn thee this instant, I hate greatness?"—"Being always made *mehmondar*, by my great prince, to all great saibs, and to none else," returned he, his head now touching the ground at my side, "practise makes perfect; and no wonder I feel too great myself, ever to forget in whose presence I bow the turban of my fathers!"

It was impossible not to laugh heartily at the ingenious fellow, who thus kept his own customary strain of telling his own stories, and of cajoling me out of my cross-grained humour at the same time.—"Go on, Bezoork," cried I; "and if your queen is as big as the Koffian mountain, I will take her to my arms." "She is not far short of its—greatness!" replied the rogue, mischievously pausing, and drawling out the latter word. I did not follow the intended continuance of the joke, but gravely nodding, as Jupiter might have done to his bard Apollo—the hoary troubadour resumed—

#### A TALE OF PERSIA PROPER.

"The times I tell of, were, when the people of this land worshipped the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the fires upon their hearths. The beautiful damsels mostly adored their little flaming altars, within the closed-up courts of the Anderoons; but the young heroes, in the day of battle, looked to the sun, as their god; at night, or at the genial hour of morning, the moon then became the object of their vows; for she led them either across the star-lit terraces, to the chambers of their loves; or at the opening dawn, strung her silver bow with a ray from the day-steed's mane, to lead them forth to the vigorous chace in the valley of heroes. Boharam Gour, the hero of my story, was one of these joyous princely hunters; but he had espoused a princess of so soft and delicate a breeding, that she had not even seen a cat catch a mouse; and so tenderly slender were her ivory fingers, accustomed alone to the use of

the needle, with which, indeed, she embroidered the most beautiful *kalouts* in the world, (robes of honour,) that they could not bear the load of even her lord's white falcon, when he brought it to her released from its silver chains, to trim its feathers. But Boharam, like you, Saib, seemed to adore his beloved Parysatis, the more intensely, because she was so small, so delicate, so tender!"

"Aye, aye!" interrupted I, "so perfectly the woman?"

"May the wise live for ever!" returned my adulator, and the fair queen's historiographer: "It was so.—Boharam was a famous warrior; no prince so strong; none commanded the wildest horse of the desert, with so sure a rein; none was so unerring in the dart of his javelin into the foaming boar; none shot, with such certainty, the arrow, whose bow was hardly ever loosened from his quivered side. He was emulous to display these manly perfections to his bride; and he brought her forth one summer evening, under a superb canopy, and attended by all her royal ladies; who played on gold stringed harps and ivory flutes, seated in rich damasked galleries on each side of her pavillioned throne. The monarch approached his beautiful Parysatis, and bade her raise her veil, that the heroes of his many battles might once behold her, as their reward; and ever after be blessed with the vision in their dreams.—Parysatis obeyed, and the dazzled sun looked dim, while the moon brightened in her path, reflecting the sudden rays. The nobles bent to the earth, as before the fountain of light; and the minstrels with their harps, exclaimed—"The daughter of Mithra is here! veil thy face again, star of the morning, that nature may pursue her course; and thy lord hunt the hart of the field—not that in thy bosom!"

I smiled at the pretty conceit of my former parallel Feroudsi; for I did not doubt his poesy was the text for my narrator's prose: but I did not again make a niche in his tale.

"The monarch waved his hand, in sign of approving this advice; and the beautiful queen drew her veil over every part of her face, excepting one eye; and that she left open, like a window, to see what was going on. For her ladies whispered her, it was the finest sport in the universe. Boharam told her to observe the archery. Many shot one way, and some another, with different degrees of excellence; but none made her wonder;

and Parysatis began to yawn under her golden tissued veil. The monarch then advanced. A fair young antelope lay at a distance on the opposite hill; and so distant indeed from the royal area, that the noise there did not disturb its sleep.—Boharam said, “I will touch that beautiful creature, so like my beloved Parysatis, but not pierce it?” He drew his bow with such precision, as just to graze the animal’s ear.—The antelope, half awake, raised his hoof to the part, as if to brush off some fly that had tickled him. “Now, you shall feel me, my love!” cried he; and drawing again his arrow to the head, he pinned the animal’s hoof to the horn.

The monarch, proud of his accuracy, turned to his queen, with a fire in his eyes, which seemed to say—“Your approbation is more triumph to me than all the acclamations of this ringing crowd!”

She smiled; but that sweet smile was as closely hidden as her former yawn; and therefore he only marked the words of her brief reply—“My lord, practice makes perfect.” So cold an observation, where he looked for such ardent admiration, stung him to the soul. He commanded the field to break up; he ordered the royal pavillion to be instantly withdrawn; he urged his horse with the speed of his own arrow, from its sight. He fled to a spot where a base minister stimulated his rage with jealousy; and the king, in his fury, condemned the ungrateful Parysatis to be carried out that night to the mountains, and be exposed to the ravening fangs of the wild beasts, her former delicacy could not have borne to look upon.—“Aye,” cried he, in the wrath of his vengeance, “like the fair antelope, asleep when she ought to have been awake, she shall feel, that even there, my arrow can strike my love.”

“Stop, interrupted I, to Bezoork,” first replenish my kalioun with its rose-water; and then I will follow your beauteous subject, to her most unworthy bivouac.”

Bezoork obeyed, and resumed\*—

D.

*(To be continued.)*

\* The writer of this article took down this story, almost literally, from the lips of a young Persian, who was in England not many years ago.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## HISTORY.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Invasion of the Romans to the death of Charles I. By John Lingard, D.D. 10 vols. 8vo.—The author of this work is a learned and enlightened Catholic clergyman, who, in the course of his researches into the annals of our native country, has detected many errors and oversights of preceding historical writers, and has placed in a novel and striking point of view several important facts and customs, and done more strict and impartial justice to the good and bad characters among our statesmen and warriors, than they perhaps have ever before received. The first two volumes of this work appeared some years since, and the rest have followed in regular succession. Two more are announced which will carry forward the history to the Revolution in 1688; and the whole, when completed, will form a most valuable accession to our national literature.

THE BOOK OF CHURCHES AND SECTS; or the Opinions of all Denominations of Christians different from the Church of England, &c. By the Rev. T. C. Bocne, B. A. 1826, 8vo. This is a sketch of ecclesiastical history on a new plan, comprising an arrangement of the various heretical sects of Christians, with descriptive notices, under the texts of the New Testament, on which their opinions are respectively founded.

## BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS. Vols. 7 and 8, 8vo. It is scarcely necessary to do more than announce the conclusion of the auto-biography of Madame de Genlis. The volumes before us contains an account of the events of the writer's life during the last three years, together with sketches of contemporary history. The same general character will apply to this portion of the work as to those which preceded; and this, like other productions of the same pen, conveys interesting information in an agreeable manner.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS. By J. Croadock, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. 1826. 8vo. The author of this volume published, about two years since, a tragedy intitled "The Czar." But the object of his "Memoirs" is to record the labours of other writers rather than his own; and he has accordingly brought together a variety of anecdotes relative to Johnson, Garrick, Foote, Colman, Bishop Percy, and other wits and critics of the last century: and has upon the whole afforded us so much amusement, that we are happy to learn it is his intention to publish another volume of reminiscences.

**GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, &c.**

**THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE GLOBE.** By J. Olding Butler. 1826. 12mo. This is intended as an introduction to the science of which it treats; and it seems well adapted to afford elementary information. Mr. Butler has combined historical, biographical, and miscellaneous notices with the more immediate subject before him, and thus added to the utility as well as the attraction of this work.

**THE TOURIST'S GRAMMAR;** or Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers, &c. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke. 1826. 12mo. Mr. Fosbrooke, some time since, published an *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, and he now puts forth a Grammar of Topography. Such titles are little better than misnomers: however both compilations are well executed; and that before us comprises much useful information in a small compass.

**THE ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN DE ULLOA,** in a Voyage to Calicut soon after the Discovery of India. 1826. 12mo. There is much to surprise and amuse the youthful reader in this little volume: and as it is not destitute of instruction also, it cannot but deserve our commendation.

**NOVELS, TALES, &c.**

**BRAMBLETYE HOUSE;** or Cavaliers and Roundheads; a Novel. By one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses." 1826. 3 vols. This, as the title indicates, is a tale of the times when civil discord divided the nation, when Royalists and Republicans hated each other with a deadly hatred, and the country was desolated by hostile armies, in which the nearest relations were sometimes ranged on opposite sides. Of this interesting and important period, Mr. Horace Smith has presented us with an animated picture. His work is liable to some of the objections which have been made against historical novels; but it is superior to most of the kind, and if it cannot be relied on as a chronicle of events, it will serve to illustrate the national character and manners during the period to which it refers.

**GERTRUDE DE WART;** or Fidelity until Death. Translated from the German of Appenzeller. 8vo. The constancy of woman to the object of her wedded love, under the most appalling circumstances of misery and disgrace, is pourtrayed with a powerful hand in this work; which cannot be perused without strongly exciting the feelings, and interesting them in the cause of virtue. The translation is exceedingly well executed.

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES, &c. Collected by Messrs. Grimm. 2 vols. 12mo. The first volume of this collection was published some time since; the second has made its appearance very recently. Many of our own nursery tales are here to be found; a circumstance which shews their great antiquity, as they were, no doubt, derived from our Saxon ancestors, who were a German people. Hence these traditional narratives are interesting to the philosophical speculator, as affording proof of the common origin of nations; and many of the stories are pregnant with amusement for the general reader. The tales are illustrated by engravings from the designs of G. Cruikshank.

THE DUTCH SALMAGUNDI of M. Paul Van Hamert. Translated by Lewis Jackson. Post 8vo. This Dutch author has laid the literature of other countries, besides his own, under contribution, to collect the materials for his dish of entertainment. He has catered with tolerable skill, and succeeded in forming an agreeable *melange*, which we think we may safely recommend to our readers.

THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK; or The Service Afloat and Ashore; with Characteristic Reminiscences, &c. By an Officer of Rank. 2 vols. Post 8vo. The object of this work is to delineate the character and manners of the British Sailor, more correctly than it has been pourtrayed in our plays and novels, whence a landsman's notion of Jack Tar is usually derived. The author, whatever may be his rank, is certainly well acquainted with his subject; and his sketches are sufficiently correct, but this very circumstance detracts in some measure from their merit. He draws with a coarse and vulgar pencil, and the objects which it produces are unpleasing. We may safely venture to affirm, that the heroes of Smollett and Dibdin will never be superseded by those to whom this "Officer of Rank" has given "a local habitation and a name."

THE VILLAGE PASTOR. By one of the Authors of "Body and Soul." 18mo. Religious novels are becoming common; a circumstance which indicates that serious persons are become novel-readers. For such the present work is obviously designed, and we have no doubt but it will prove generally acceptable.

THE LAST MAN! A Romance. By the Author of Frankenstein. 3 vols. Post 8vo. The highly-talented writer of this romance has manifested an ability to communicate interest to subjects too extravagant for common conception, and which attract attention solely from the skill with which they are treated. We should be better pleased to see her exercise her powers of intellect on subjects less removed from nature and probability. The present work has all the beauties and defects of her former production.

## POETRY.

EPISTLES TO A FRIEND IN TOWN; Golconda's Fête, &c. By Chandos Leigh. [1826. 12mo. This is an enlarged edition of Mr. Leigh's poems, which on their former appearance were favourably received by the public. They are in general correct and pleasing compositions, exhibiting a strain of moral feeling and natural description, calculated to excite corresponding emotions, and create a favourable impression of the character and talents of the author.

DEVOTIONAL VERSES, founded on, and illustrative of, Select Texts of Scripture. By Bernard Barton. 12mo. Mr. Barton is a popular poet, and has gained much fame by his productions. These "Verses" we fear will not add to his laurels, as they display more devotion than poetry.

## Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

*The Diorama.*—Two new Scenes are opened for Exhibition at this attractive place of amusement. They are Views of Roslin Abbey, and the Town and Environs of Rouen.

*Mr. Britton* is publishing an interesting work on the ancient architecture of Normandy, and also a series of views of cities, from the drawings of F. Robson.

*African Travellers.*—M. Beaufort, a Frenchman, who was engaged in exploring the road to the far-famed city of Timbuctoo, has fallen a sacrifice to the perils of the undertaking. Major Laing, who is occupied in a similar attempt, has sent home intelligence that he expected to reach Timbuctoo in December last.

*Lord Radstock.*—The valuable collection of pictures formed by this Nobleman, is about to be sold by Mr. Christie.

The late conspiracy against the Emperor of Russia is said to have involved in its guilt Bestuscheff, Karnilovitch, and other men of eminence in literature.

*Memoirs of the Royal Houses of York and Lancaster*, Historical and Biographical; in two vols. post 8vo. by Emma Roberts; will be forthcoming this spring, embellished with a portrait of Elizabeth of York.

*Mr. Peele* has given a donation of £50, to the Literary and Scientific Institution, of which he is Vice-patron.

*The Fourteenth* edition (newly and considerably enlarged) of Keppel's Travels in search of his Master, (a little book which, as the many editions already printed of it evince, enjoys much popularity with young readers) is on the eve of publication.

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*Fashionable Evening & Walking Dresses for 1820.*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Published March 1, 1820, by Drown & Monday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
**MIRROR OF FASHION**  
FOR MARCH, 1826.

WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, ornamented with a double vandyck collar. The sleeves are full, in the French style, and fastened at the wrist with gold bracelets; the skirt is elegantly trimmed with a *chevron* scroll, surmounted by *rouleaux* of different widths, variously ornamented. A broad worked cambric collar, falling over the shoulders, finishes the dress. A French bonnet of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, the trimmings edged with blue. Under the bonnet is worn a full Urling's lace cap. Limerick gloves, and boots of the same colour as the dresses.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, with full Bishop's sleeves, ornamented at the shoulders with epaulettes of satin, and fastened at the wrist with a gold bracelet. The body is made low, and tight to the shape, finished round the bust with a satin *rouleaux*; the skirt is trimmed with wavings of satin, fastened in the centre with a satin leaf: above the satin trimming is a scroll of worked vine leaves, surmounted by bunches of roses. The dress is completed by a broad satin sash. A small *fichu* is thrown carelessly over the neck. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—In the most fashionable circles, the hair is arranged in bows, with a rich full plait, mingling its folds throughout. Large curls appearing between the bows, greatly diversify and enrich the appearance of this beautiful head-dress. Frequently, one or two large curls fall negligently in the neck, which, added to the full, luxuriant curls in front, produce an elegant and natural appearance. For large parties, feathers are preferred; but in private circles, detached flowers, placed with taste, among the bows, are very general. Pearls and gold combs have been introduced, with great effect.

For the dresses we are, as usual, indebted to the taste of **MISS PIERPOINT**, Edward-street, Portman-square; and for the novel Head-dress, to **MR. COLLEY**, 28, Bishopsgate within.

## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

PELISSES and mantles for the carriage, are, for the most part, composed of *gros de Naples*, of the most glowing and varied tints. The most approved manner of ornamenting these comfortable envelopes, is with fur embroidery, in the most ingenious and tasteful patterns; this fur is of the bright black lynx, which looks well on every colour, but more particularly on the amaranthine, ruby, or yellow. We have seen a saffron coloured pelisse of satin, for the carriage, very simply ornamented; the bust finished with embossed foliage. Tippets, and Russian mantles, of the American grey squirrel, are much worn over high cloth dresses. A fawn-coloured dress, of British cachemere, has excited much admiration, as a walking costume. It has two flounces, richly braided at the edges; and a beautiful pattern, braided in flowers, is seen surmounting the upper flounce. A high round dress of British cachemere, the colour of the Parma violet, is also in high repute. The border of the skirt is ornamented with a very broad flounce. The *corsage*, though made *en gerbe*, fits close to the shape, and is surmounted at the throat by a single falling collar, *à la vandycke*, of Urling's lace. The long sleeves are headed at the shoulders by *mancherons* of the Persian fashion. A fur pelrine-mantlet is usually worn with this dress. When the weather is mild, there is seldom any other envelope worn over it, in the carriage, than a scarf-shawl of canary-yellow cachemere, with a narrow border, elegantly variegated.

Black velvet bonnets continue the same, as to the shape, and mode of trimming, as last month; and as their duration will shortly be at an end, for this season, we do not imagine that any alteration will take place in their form. The bonnet most admired, and adopted by ladies of fashion, is one of a dark green *gros de Naples*, lined and ornamented with pink. This bonnet is large, and fitted either for the carriage or the promenade.

We feel great pleasure in being enabled to state, that in the metropolis, and most parts of the kingdom, our fair country-women have resolved to make silk, of the Spitalfields manufacture, a considerable portion of their dress, with the praiseworthy motive of affording relief to a class, which is, at this time, suffering under great deprivations. The ladies of this country, ever ready to sympathize with the distressed, we

have no doubt, will vie with each other, in promoting so benevolent a design. His Majesty, with his wonted munificence, has given orders, that the rooms of his palace, at Windsor, shall be hung round with silk, of the Spitalfields manufacture. Many of the nobility have also testified their compassion for the unfortunate weavers, in a similar manner.

Dresses of the Columbian materials, striped and shaded, are the chief novelty in home costume, since our last report: one of these seems particularly in favour—the shades are from violet colour to a grey lavender; one broad flounce of Italian net ornaments its border, finished by *rouleaux* of satin, of the same colour. An evening dress, of richly striped black gauze, is another novelty; it is tastefully ornamented at the border, with two rows of oblong, fluted puffs, disposed in *chevrons*; each point finished by a large pink satin riband.—The hem part, next the shoe, consists of a broad flat *rouleau* of black satin. For half-dress, nothing is considered more elegant than a lavender-coloured dress of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with two rows of double flounces, pinked at the edge; sometimes these rows of flounces are pointed; they are then triple, and set on straight. We have seen an evening dress of pale scarlet Italian crape, over a white satin slip, which was remarkably tasteful and elegant. The *corsage* was full, and confined with a band, high in front, but lower in the shoulders; it was ornamented in a new and beautiful style. From the centre of the bust to the right shoulder, were three *rouleaux* of shaded scarlet satin, extending across the bust in a waving direction to the left side, where they united with six satin *rouleaux*, descending to the trimming of the skirt, which consisted of a very deep and full drapery of crape. The drapery in front reached to the white satin *rouleau* of the slip, but rose considerably at the sides. This *rouleau* was ornamented with stripes, placed at regular distances, and attached by buttons on the upper side; beneath was a wadded hem. The short sleeve was full, and resting on the hand; in the centre was a *palmatum* ornament. The long sleeve, of white *crepe lisse*, was very full, but fitted to the wrist with three bands, and broad bracelets of gold, studded with amethysts. The *ceinture* was richly embroidered.

The head-dress was composed of two rows of Italian crape, in puffings, with a bow and embroidered end on the right side, and supported, in the centre, with a band of plaited hair,

and a beautiful oval gem. Ear-rings and necklace, of gold and amethysts.

The dead-dresses for this month, display unusual variety of taste and fancy, and are truly beautiful, particularly the cornettes for home costume; they are small, in general, and are made to be placed very backward, but are brought more foreward on each side the face than usual; their being placed backwards, and displaying well-arranged ringlets or curls in front, has a very becoming effect. One of these charming head-dresses for home costume, is composed of tulle and blond, ornamented, tastefully, with bows of richly-coloured riband. Another, called the hat cornette toque, consists of a broad bias double ornament of pink fluted satin, in front, surmounting a blond border: the caul of this cap is also of pink satin. A cornette of this kind, of gossamer white gauze, in double bias folds, is much admired for the theatre, or half dress; between the separate bias folds are wreaths of small Iberian roses; one flower of which, with its bud, lying on each temple, on the hair. Handsome cornettes of blond, for home costume, have flowers on them, formed of coloured gauze, without any foliage; others have bows of riband, very tastefully displayed. The small dress bonnet-caps, originally made of black velvet, has now appeared, formed of lighter materials—white tulle, and blond; it is ornamented with field flowers, with the foliage of the shepherd's purse, in various colours, and constitutes a very charming head-dress, for carriage morning visits. The summit of the crown is finished by a star of white satin, with four points; these are trimmed round with narrow blond; and the strings which are left untied, are of richly brocaded riband, of French white. Young ladies frequently adorn their hair with a wreath of flowers made of coloured gauze; they are made very full on each temple. Dress hats for the opera, still continue to be of black velvet, adorned with handsome plumes of white ostrich feathers; but they are oftener seen trimmed with gold *cordon*, than with their usual ornament of pearls. Turbans for evening dress parties, are frequently of geranium-coloured gauze, and gold, with gold grapes and vine leaves; others, of the same colour, have the *rouleau*, or Moorish part, of gold gauze and geranium, entwined.

The most fashionable colours are violet, geranium, lavender, bright crimson, fawn colour, dark green, and pink.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

THIS period of bustle, excitement, and folly, the Carnival, has been ushered in by the most delightful weather, and by a general diffusion of mirth and hilarity. During the grand procession, the Boulevards displayed a crowd of equipages, alike remarkable for the handsome women which they contained, for the richness of their armorial designs, the beauty of their horses, and the elegance of their trappings; thus furnishing different remarks to all kinds of observers. The dresses were superb. The number of persons on foot was greater than on any former occasion, and when the night at length came, to disperse this multitude, another, not less noisy, sallied forth, from all parts of the metropolis, towards those brilliant temples, open to gaiety, intrigue, and all the mysteries of this celebrated epoch.

It is no fault of ours, if the fine weather has made its appearance too soon this year, and if, in consequence, the toilet which we give, to-day, appears to arrive a little too late: nevertheless, a great many elegant females still wear fur trimmings, in spite of the warm sun, which shines over our heads: we may also state, that in our fashionable saloons, we perceive some ladies of rank, attired in satin robes, trimmed with *marabous*, arranged in a manner to imitate a large fur lining; the tippet was also formed *en marabous*. In the late brilliant assemblies, we have remarked a great many black dresses of velvet, satin, and barège. Those of velvet, had only, for trimming, a large twisted work of satin; those of barège, three full puffings at the border of the petticoat; long sleeves of gauze, or white crape, with *mancherons*, joined, and open in the middle, forming two square flaps; a half-*canezou*, that is to say, half-flowing, of white gauze; these are the auxiliaries adopted for those toilets, which are even admitted for dancing, in parties where the piano alone does the honours of the evening.

We shall now give a brief description of the most admired dresses for the month.—1. A walking-dress. A pelisse of blue velvet, trimmed at the border with squirrel fur.—A long tippet and muff to correspond. With this beautiful pelisse is worn a hat of myrtle-green velvet, ornamented with tufts of feathers. 2. An evening-dress of tulle; ornamented with a full puffing of the same material, fastened with knots of

satin.—The body is made low, and trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the dress. 3. Another evening dress is composed of blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with two full puffings of tulle, surmounted with large laurel leaves.—A rich Bearnais *toque* of satin, is worn with this admired dress. 4. A ball dress of pink satin, trimmed round with three full flounces of blond, surmounted by a satin *rouleau*, fastened at the left side, with a satin bow.—The body is made low, and finished round the bust with a double frilling of blond.—A blond sash, tied at the left side, with a full bow and long ends. With this charming dress is worn a beautiful aërial *toque* of blond, ornamented with marabouts.

The reign of the Scotch plaids has not yet passed over; on the contrary, the return of spring is expected to give a fresh stimulus to the manufacturers of this favourite article. The colours acquire more brilliancy every day; the squares are enlarged, and the shades are multiplied to infinity. We see an instance of this in the *Magasin Sante Anne*, where the Scotch plaid is presented under two hundred different aspects. Nothing can equal the beauty and variety of the last assortment which M. Delisle, the proprietor of these *Magasins*, has just received. We allude, particularly, to the velvets, which are of an admirable richness and brilliancy: also the woollen stuffs for cloaks.

Hats of white satin are of a very elegant undress. Velvet hats, blue, or *orielle d'ours*, lined with satin, embroidered and trimmed with ribands or flaps of jonquil satin, are much worn in the morning; but those of black velvet, are always what are most distinguished for town hats. The small bonnets of blond and flowers, are always in fashion, for half-toilets. It is to be remarked, that all the garlands are placed on the hair, and the bonnets appear to be placed above. Some of these bonnets have compartments in the crown, which display knots of hair, and give them much the appearance of the bonnets *à la Isabey*. As the *bérets* are, decidedly, the head-dress most in vogue, we find them adapted to all kinds of costume. Those which have appeared to us of the most elegant simplicity, were of gauze *lisse*, yellow or white: the crown of the head is very large, and much inclined on one side; three knots of ribands, placed on the opposite side, crown the top of the head, and produce a charming effect.

THE  
**APOLLONIAN WREATH.**

STANZAS TO \* \* \*

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

You wonder at my pallid cheek,  
And censure me as passion's slave:  
It is not pleasure that I seek,  
Whilst in [this sea of sin I lave;  
I fly because my thoughts undo me,]  
And solitude is madness to me.

You see me smile—and rashly deem  
That pleasure sparkles in mine eye;  
On Etna gaze—its mountains seem  
To flourish in fertility;  
The gushing vines all ruddy glow,  
Though the volcano burns below.

You tell me that, though one hath flown,  
The world is wide, and I may find  
Another yet to call my own,  
As good, as tender, and as kind:  
You vainly urge me on to woo,—  
How can the heartless man pursue?

Manhood had scarcely shed her down  
Upon me, and I stood alone;  
All that had cheered my life, withdrawn,  
All I so dearly cherish'd—flown.  
How shall I teach me to forget,  
When all around me breathes regret?

The cheerless hearth, the vacant chair,  
Are speechless memories of grief:  
The lonely pallet, where my care,  
Finds in delusive dreams relief,—  
Till fancy's friendly aid has flown,  
And I awake to grief alone—

The pangs of mind I cannot pen,  
 The thoughts that throb the bursting brow;  
 The past, but lightly deemed of, then,  
 Remembered as unkindness now—  
 The acts unthinking, trivial all—  
 I'd yet give kingdoms to recal.

A little time may pass away,  
 Ere dissipation lays me low :  
 What I have done, the world may say ;  
 What I have felt, there's none can know ;  
 How have I struggled oft to bind  
 A constant heart, but wav'ring mind !

'Tis past: 'tis now too late to save,—  
 This war of heart and mind must cease ;  
 I soon shall fill my narrow grave,  
 Unheeded, haply, but at peace.  
 What care I when I close mine eyes,  
 Since upon earth there's nought I prize.

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### THE POET TO HIS FIRE.

BURN bright, my friendly fire,  
 Shed round thy warmest smile ;  
 Thy beams I most admire,  
 When wet, and worn with toil.

You hear my sad complaint,  
 Nor frown upon my woe ;  
 Unlike the world's restraint,  
 Which grief is doomed to know.

You share my brightest joys,  
 And brighter smile with me :  
 When bliss my time employs,  
 None gayer then than thee.

And if I find a friend,  
 That friend you ever share ;  
 And kindlier warmth you lend  
 To chase away cold care.

Then let stern winter frown,  
And spread his snows around,  
Whilst storms his temples crown,  
And lakes in frost are bound.

Let winds obey his will,  
And sweep the pathless plain,  
Whilst roars the neighb'ring rill,  
O'erflowed by fallen rain.

By my snug fire I sit,  
The embers higher pile,  
And feast on attic wit,  
That draws the willing smile.

Or with my pen, pourtray  
Some storm-nipp'd wand'rer's doom,  
Who, far from home away,  
Has found an early tomb.

All hail! then, cheering friend,  
Still spread thy smiles around;  
For winter bids us bend,  
And strews with snow the ground.

J. M. LACEY.

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#### ON A SNOW DROP.

SWEET, early, modest, simple flower,  
Just rising from the ground;  
Secure, amidst the fleecy shower  
Its silver bells are found:

And, long 'ere winter's snows are past,  
Or frost has left the ground,  
Fearless of storm, or biting blast,  
Unsheltered blooms around.

No smiling sun, or softening dew,  
Their genial influence shed;  
But, flourishing, it blooms and grows  
Beneath its snowy bed.

We hail thy little silver bells,  
 The harbinger of spring,  
 When nature, from her secret cells,  
 Her flowery treasures bring.

As Flora's tribes their sweets distil,  
 And blushing charms display;  
 I'll bid my pencil's mimic skill  
 Preserve them from decay.

No tulip that with brilliant hues  
 The painter's art defies,—  
 Nor rose, which frangrant scent diffuse,  
 As this sweet flower I prize,—

The rarest flowers, this little bell  
 Shall be esteemed above;  
 The simplest flower all flowers excel,  
 If plucked by those we love.

*Bp. Stortford.*

S. B. B.

#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to assure "Ada," that her wishes, in reference to the desired Portrait, are in strict accordance with our own—But wishes alone, are vain. To a very urgent request on the subject, addressed to the fair poetess, and supported by the solicitations of private friendship, we had the mortification to receive a positive refusal.

Essays.—Candidates for the prize,—have been received from X. Y. Z.—H. H.—Constance.—X. X. X.—W. G. King.—St. Idur.—and H. D.—on which we are obliged to defer our judgment 'till the next month.

Communications from S. B. B.—Cawlus.—Mr. Lacey—Juvenis.—and A. Z. have been duly received.

We recommend to T. W. and some other of our rhyming Correspondents, a careful perusal of the "Art Poetica" of Horace; before they next attempt to write Poetry.

We must again request our correspondents will pay some attention in their communications to the art of writing. We have often as much difficulty to decipher their writing as to understand their meaning; insomuch that even in our present number we have been obliged to omit and change words through inability to make out the *litera scripta*.

One of our correspondents solicits our correction of his Essay; but our so doing has been rendered impracticable by the closeness of the lines as well as of the writing itself; indeed the sheets so transmitted are, to us, almost illegible; (and would be returned for transcription, had we been favoured with the writer's address.

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Engraved by T. Wilkes, from a Drawing by Robert Stothard.

Thomas Stothard, Esq. R.A.

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